

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 6.

HOW ERNEST SAVED THE HERD.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

IT was n't very pleasant to be left outside the stockade to guard the corral gates, with no companions but a pony and the three thousand six hundred half-wild and restless cattle. Most boys of fourteen would not have relished the position even in a time of peace. And now a band of desperados of the worst type was known to be approaching. White savages who have no fear of the law are worse than savage Indians. A scout had brought word that the terrible "Bolter gang" were on their way to raid the cattlemen of the valley, and all hands had since been busy gathering the scattered settlers into the central stockade for protection against this marauding band of "rustlers," or cattle-thieves.

Whatever may be said against the cow-boy, laziness and cowardice are not among his failings; so it is not surprising that the ranchmen began to prepare most actively to give their unwelcome visitors a warm reception.

Up on the mountain lay the scout, waiting to send the signal of warning when the foe should enter the pass. Below, fearless riders dashed over the plains, bringing in the scattered cattle and preparing for a long and vigorous defense. Until the signal came there was no danger, and, as all hands were needed in driving up the more distant herds, the stockade was, for the time, left comparatively undefended. That was how it

came to pass that Ernest was left alone to guard the corral gates till the remaining cattle were driven in and the heavy fastenings safely secured. There was little for him to do but watch till the other herds arrived. Then he would have to swing the big gates open and help turn the leaders in. This might mean some hard riding and not a little danger. Often the least unusual thing is enough to start those herds of half-wild cattle on a mad stampede before which there is no safety but in flight. A single misstep, and horse and rider would be trampled to pieces by a thousand hoofs.

The cattle were restless that day — ready for a stampede on the slightest provocation. As though they scented danger, they sniffed the air, pawed, and lowed till Ernest began to fear they would attempt to break from the inclosure.

Within the stockade the women were doing what they could in preparation for the coming fight. Guns were being cleaned and examined, ammunition-boxes dragged into more convenient places, and the little fortress strengthened in every possible manner. In fact, every one was busy at some active work except the scout, away up on the mountain, and Ernest. No wonder the lad felt almost alone in the world.

Would the men be ready to return before the signal came? Of course they would be all right,

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anyhow, for they would have time to get back after Bolter came in sight of the scout. They could leave the rest of the herds, if necessary. But the excitement of the cattle he was guarding seemed contagious, and Ernest's restlessness, like theirs, increased. He galloped up to a little plateau, and, dismounting, looked anxiously toward the spot where the scout was stationed, as if expecting his signal. His attention was about equally divided between the trail by which the men would come and the lookout on the mountain. The lad was not by any means a coward. Accustomed as he was to the dangers and hardships of frontier life, even the cow-boys admired his daring. Still, it was with a keen sense of relief that he saw an approaching cloud of dust that told him the men were coming.

But was it really the men? The cattle never

came like that unless they were stampeding. Surely that could n't be Bolter! The scout would have been sure to see him and give warning—unless he had been surprised and captured.

Older heads than Ernest's would have been anxious at that moment. Furiously the cloud of dust approached, drew near, then parted, and out of it there came, not horns, but horses ridden as if the evil one possessed the reins. There was—there *could* be—no more doubt. It *was* Bolter and his gang!

Ernest's first thought was of the men scattered hopelessly over the valley; then of the women and children in the stockade, defenseless and as yet unconscious of their danger; then of the cattle. Ah, the cattle! Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed to the corral gates, tore them



"IT WAS WITH A KEEN SENSE OF RELIEF THAT HE SAW AN APPROACHING CLOUD OF DUST THAT TOLD HIM THE MEN WERE COMING."



"AS THEY SAT AROUND THE FIRE THEY WERE TOLD THE STORY OF ERNEST'S EXPLOIT."

wide open, and then flew to the rear of the inclosure, and, shouting like a maniac, swung his coat in the air above his head. For one instant three thousand six hundred heads were in the air. The next, four times as many hoofs went thundering down the valley in a hopeless stampede. A railroad train would not have stopped that rush. Nothing could withstand or check it.

The advancing horsemen drew rein for a moment, astonished at the commotion. Then, as the full sense of their danger burst upon them, they turned about and fled helter-skelter for their lives. Desperate men they were, and only desperate riding could save them.

When the cow-boys returned, the noise and dust had died away, and the desperados were disorganized and scattered. Here was the ranchmen's chance, and so well did they im-

prove it, thanks to their habit of quick thinking and acting in an emergency, that Bolter left nearly half his gang prisoners in the hands of their intended victims.

Cow-boy skill soon rounded up the scared and scattered cattle. The scout? Poor fellow, he had kept his last watch. Bolter's sharpshooters had surprised him at the post of duty. And Ernest? Well, a week later, a half-dozen of the ranch-owners came up from Denver and held a meeting in the main ranch-house. As they sat around the fire they were told the story of Ernest's exploit, and immediately they clubbed together to send him East to school. He graduated with high honors, and not many years later became the prosperous owner of the very ranch which his pluck and cool-headedness had saved from Bolter and his desperados.



THE SHEARING.

By NANCY BYRD TURNER.

THE day they cut the baby's hair
The house was all a-fidget;
Such fuss they made, you would have said
He was a king — the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;
 Some thought that it was dreadful
 To lay a hand upon one strand
 Of all that precious headful.

While others said, to leave his curls
 Would be the height of folly,
 Unless they put him with the girls
 And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip,
 The golden fluff was flying ;
 Grandmother had a trembling lip,
 And aunt was almost crying.

The men-folks said, " Why, hello, Boss,
 You 're looking five years older ! "
 But mother laid the shaven head
 Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well ! the nest must lose its birds,
 The cradle yield its treasure ;
 Time will not stay a single day
 For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed,
 The scales were even, maybe;
 For father gained a little man
 When mother lost her baby !



"But mother laid the shaven head
 close, close against her shoulder."



"Why, hello, Boss, you 're looking
 five years older ! "



"For father gained a little man

when

mother lost her baby ! "



MISS POLLY.

—
BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

SWEET Polly lives in our town—
The town is proud of Polly.
It 's not because her eyes are brown
That she has met with such renown;

It 's just because she cannot frown,
She is so bright and jolly.
And all who come to our town
Exclaim, "We like Miss Polly!"

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WITCH-QUEEN.

IT is not very far from the kingdom of Noland to the kingdom of Ix. If you followed the steps of Quavo the minstrel, you would climb the sides of a steep mountain-range, and go down on the other side, and cross a broad and swift river, and pick your way through a dark forest. You would then have reached the land of Ix and would find an easy path into the big city.

But even before one came to the city he would see the high marble towers of Queen Zixi's magnificent palace, and pause to wonder at its beauty.

Quavo the minstrel had been playing his harp in the city of Nole, and his eyes were sharp; so he had seen many things to gossip and sing about, and therefore never doubted he would be warmly welcomed by Queen Zixi.

He reached the marble palace about dusk, one evening, and was bidden to the feast which was about to be served.

A long table ran down the length of the lofty hall built in the center of the palace; and this table was covered with gold and silver platters bearing many kinds of meats and fruits and vegetables, while tall, ornamented stands contained sweets and delicacies to tickle the palate.

At the head of the table, on a jeweled throne, sat Queen Zixi herself, a vision of radiant beauty and charming grace.

Her hair was yellow as spun gold, and her wondrous eyes raven black in hue. Her skin was fair as a lily, save where her cheek was faintly tinted with a flush of rose-color.

Dainty and lovely, indeed, was the Queen of Ix in appearance; yet none of her lords or attendants cast more than a passing glance upon her beauty. For they were used to seeing her thus.

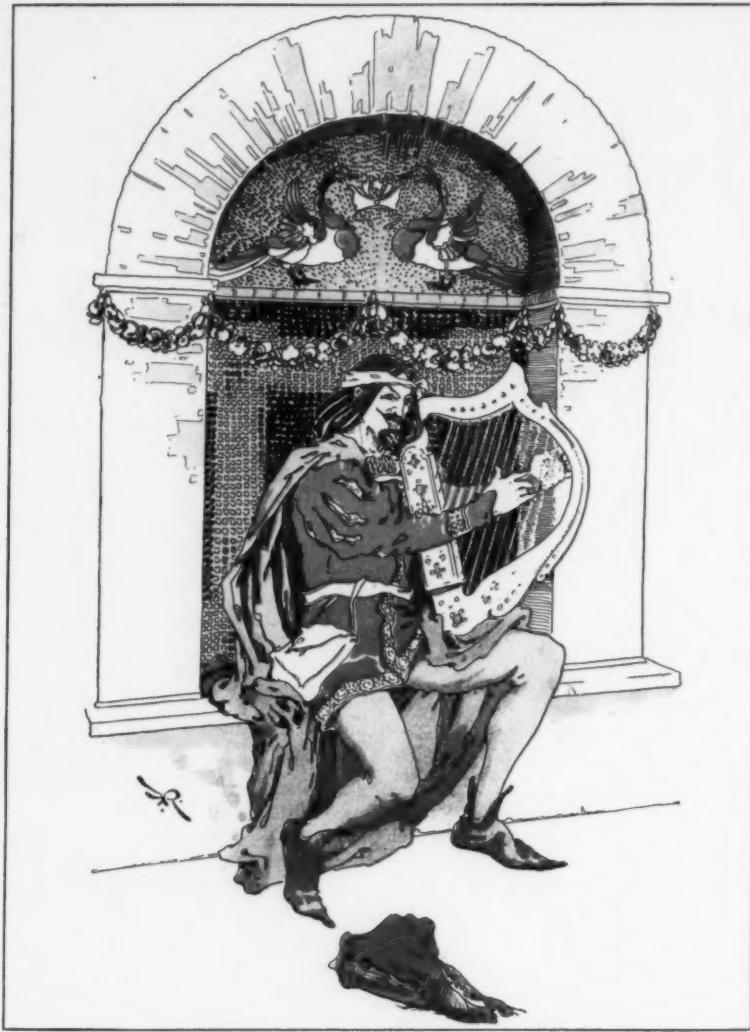
There were graybeards at her table this evening who could remember the queen's rare beauty since they were boys; ay, and who had been told by their fathers and grandfathers of Queen Zixi's loveliness when they also were mere children. In fact, no one in Ix had ever heard of the time when the land was not ruled by this same queen, or when she was not in appearance as young and fair as she was to-day. Which easily proves she was not an ordinary person at all.

And I may as well tell you here that Queen Zixi, despite the fact that she looked to be no more than sixteen, was in reality six hundred and eighty-three years of age, and had prolonged her life in this extraordinary way by means of the arts of witchcraft.

I do not mean by this that she was an evil person. She had always ruled her kingdom wisely and liberally, and the people of Ix made no manner of complaint against their queen. If there were a war, she led her armies in person, clad in golden mail and helmet; and in years of peace she taught them to sow and reap grain, and to fashion many useful articles of metal, and to build strong and substantial houses. Nor were her taxes ever more than the people could bear.

Yet, for all this, Zixi was more feared than loved; for every one remembered she was a witch, and also knew she was hundreds of years old. So, no matter how amiable their queen might be, she was always treated with extreme respect, and folks weighed well their words when they conversed with her.

Next the queen, on both sides of the table, sat her most favored nobles and their ladies; farther down were the rich merchants and officers of the army; and at the lower end were servants and members of the household. For this was the custom in the land of Ix.



"THIS WAS THE MOMENT QUAVO HAD EAGERLY AWAITED."

Quavo the harpist sat near the lower end; and, when all had been comfortably fed, the queen called upon him for a song. This was the moment Quavo had eagerly awaited. He took his harp, seated himself in a niche of the wall, and, according to the manner of ancient minstrels, he sang of the things he had seen in other lands, thus serving his hearers with the news of the day as well as pleasing them with his music. This is the way he began:

"Of Noland now a tale I 'll sing,
Where reigns a strangely youthful
king —
A boy, who has by chance alone
Been called to sit upon a throne.
His sister shares his luck, and she
The fairies' friend is said to be;
For they did mystic arts invoke
And weave for her a magic cloak
Which grants its wearer — thus I 'm
told —
Gifts more precious far than gold.



"STOP!" CRIED THE QUEEN, WITH SUDDEN EXCITEMENT."

"She 's but to wish, and her desire
Quite instantly she will acquire;
And when she lends it to her friends,
The favor unto them extends.

"For one who wears the cloak can fly
Like any eagle in the sky.
And one did wish, by sudden freak,
His dog be granted power to speak;
And now the beast can talk as well
As I, and also read and spell.
And —"

"Stop!" cried the queen, with sudden excitement. "Do you lie, minstrel, or are you speaking the truth?"

Secretly glad that his news was received thus eagerly, Quavo continued to twang the harp as he replied in verse:

"Now may I die at break of day,
If false is any word I say."

"And what is this cloak like—and who owns it?" demanded the queen, impetuously.

Sang the minstrel:

"The cloak belongs to Princess Fluff;
'T is woven of some secret stuff

Which makes it gleam with splendor bright
That fills beholders with delight."

Thereafter the beautiful Zixi remained lost in thought, her dainty chin resting within the hollow of her hand and her eyes dreamily fixed upon the minstrel.

And Quavo, judging that his news had brought him into rare favor, told more and more wonderful tales of the magic cloak, some of which were true, while others were mere inventions of his own; for newsmongers, as every one knows, were ever unable to stick to facts since the world began.

All the courtiers and officers and servants listened with wide eyes and parted lips to the song, marveling greatly at what they had heard. And when it was finally ended, and the evening far spent, Queen Zixi threw a golden chain to the minstrel as a reward and left the hall, attended by her maidens.

Throughout the night which followed, she tossed sleeplessly upon her bed, thinking of the magic cloak and longing to possess it. And when the morning sun rose over the horizon, she



"SHE MADE A SOLEMN VOW THAT SHE WOULD SECURE THE MAGIC CLOAK WITHIN A YEAR."

made a solemn vow that she would secure the magic cloak within a year, even if it cost her the half of her kingdom.

Now the reason for this rash vow, showing Zixi's intense desire to possess the cloak, was very peculiar. Although she had been an adept at witchcraft for more than six hundred years, and was able to retain her health and remain in appearance young and beautiful, there was one

thing her art was unable to deceive, and that one thing was a mirror.

To mortal eyes Zixi was charming and attractive; yet her reflection in a mirror showed to her an ugly old hag, bald of head, wrinkled, with toothless gums and withered, sunken cheeks.

For this reason the queen had no mirror of any sort about the palace. Even from her own

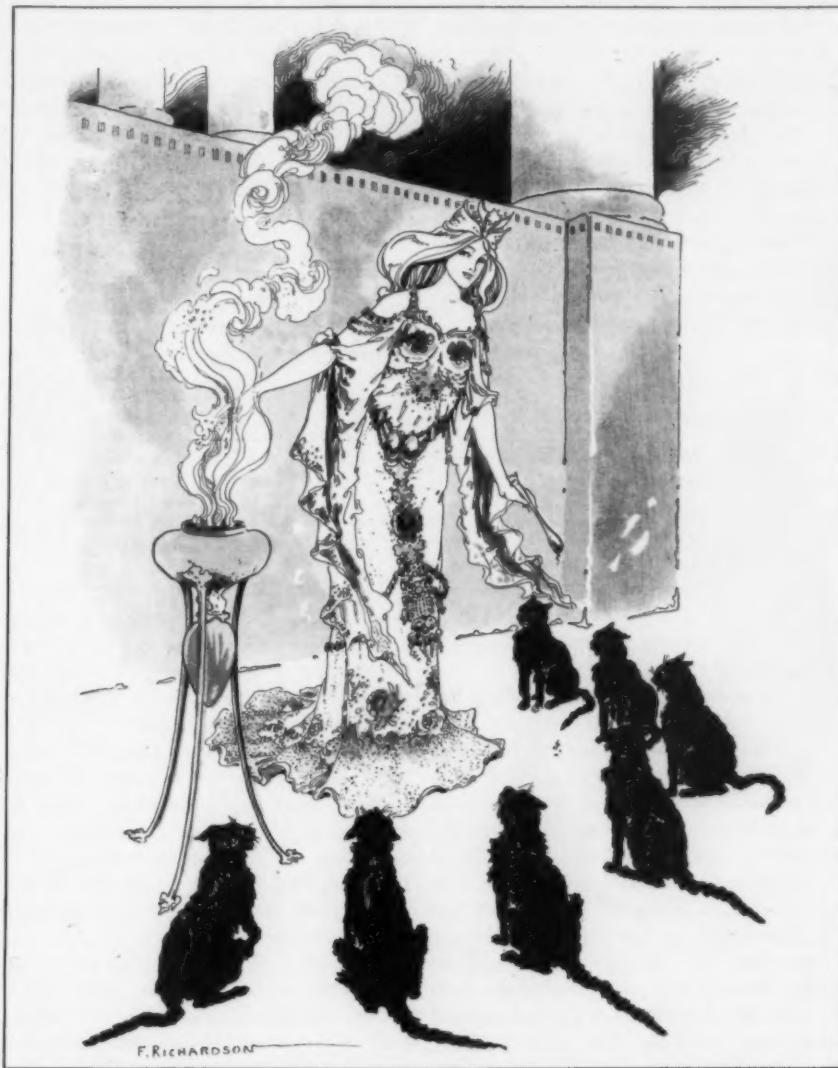


"QUEEN ZIXI LEFT THE HALL, ATTENDED BY HER MAIDENS."

dressing-room the mirror had been banished, and she depended upon her maids and hair-dressers to make her look as lovely as possible. She knew she was beautiful in appearance to

showed her reflection to be the old hag others would also have seen had not her arts of witchcraft deceived them.

Everything else a woman and a queen might



F. RICHARDSON

"OF THIS INKY MIXTURE SHE SWALLOWED TWO TEASPOONFULS EVERY HOUR FOR SIX HOURS."

others; her maids declared it continually, and in all eyes she truly read admiration.

But Zixi wanted to admire herself; and that was impossible so long as the cold mirrors

desire Zixi was able to obtain by her arts. Yet the one thing she could *not* have made her very unhappy.

As I have already said, she was not a bad

queen. She used her knowledge of sorcery to please her own fancy or to benefit her kingdom, but never to injure any one else. So she may be forgiven for wanting to see a beautiful girl reflected in a mirror, instead of a haggard old woman in her six hundred and eighty-fourth year.

Zixi had given up all hope of ever accomplishing her object until she heard of the magic cloak. The powers of witches are somewhat limited; but she knew that the powers of fairies are boundless. So if the magic cloak could grant any human wish, as Quavo's song had told her was the case, she would manage to secure it and would at once wish for a reflection in the mirror of the same features all others beheld—and then she would become happy and content.

CHAPTER XII.

ZIXI DISGUISES HERSELF.

Now, as might be expected, Queen Zixi lost no time in endeavoring to secure the magic cloak. The people of Ix were not on friendly terms with the people of Noland; so she could not visit Princess Fluff openly; and she knew it was useless to try to borrow so priceless a treasure as a cloak which had been the gift of the fairies. But one way remained to her—to steal the precious robe.

So she began her preparations by telling her people she would be absent from Ix for a month, and then she retired to her own room and mixed, by the rules of witchcraft, a black mess in a silver kettle, and boiled it until it was as thick as molasses. Of this inky mixture she swallowed two teaspoonfuls every hour for six hours, muttering an incantation each time. At the end of the six hours her golden hair had become brown and her black eyes had become blue; and this was quite sufficient to disguise the pretty queen so that no one would recognize her. Then she took off her richly embroidered queenly robes, and hung them up in a closet, putting on a simple gingham dress, a white apron, and a plain hat such as common people of her country wore.

When these preparations had been made, Zixi slipped out the back door of the palace and walked through the city to the forest; and,

although she met many people, not one suspected that she was the queen.

It was rough walking in the forest; but she got through at last, and reached the bank of the river. Here a fisherman was found, who consented to ferry her across in his boat; and afterward Zixi climbed the high mountain and came down the other side into the kingdom of Noland.

She rented a neat little cottage just at the north gateway of the city of Nole, and by the next morning there was a sign over the doorway which announced:

MISS TRUST'S
ACADEMY OF WITCHERY
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Then Zixi had printed on green paper a lot of handbills which read as follows:

"MISS TRUST,

A pupil of the celebrated Professor Hatrack of Hooktown-on-the-Creek, is now located at Woodbine Villa (North Gateway of Nole), and is prepared to teach the young ladies of this city the *Arts of Witchcraft* according to the most modern and approved methods. Terms moderate. References required.

These handbills she hired a little boy to carry to all the aristocratic houses in Nole, and to leave one on each door-step. Several were left on the different door-steps of the palace, and one of these came to the notice of Princess Fluff.

"How funny!" she exclaimed on reading it. "I'll go, and take all my eight maids with me. It will be no end of fun to learn to be a witch."

Many other people in Nole applied for instruction in "Miss Trust's Academy," but Zixi told them all she had no vacancies. When, however, Fluff and her maids arrived, she welcomed them most graciously, and consented to give them their first lesson at once.

When she had seated them in her parlor, Zixi said:

"If you wish to be a witch,
You must speak an incantation:
You must with deliberation
Say: 'The when of why is which!'"

"What does that mean?" asked Fluff.

"No one knows," answered Zixi; "and therefore it is a fine incantation. Now, all the class will please repeat after me the following words:

"Erig-a-ma-role, erig-a-ma-ree;
Jig-ger-nut, jog-ger-nit, que-jig-ger-ee.
Sim-mer-kin, sam-mer-kin, sem-mer-ga-roo;
Zil-li-pop, zel-li-pop, lol-li-pop-loo!"

They tried to do this, but their tongues stumbled constantly over the syllables, and one of the maids began to laugh.

"Stop laughing, please!" cried Zixi, rapping her ruler on the table. "This is no laughing matter, I assure you, young ladies. The science of witchcraft is a solemn and serious study, and I cannot teach it you unless you behave."

"But what 's it all about?" asked Fluff.

Incantation No. 1.

(To be spoken only in the presence of a black cat.)
This is that, and that is this;
Bliss is blest, and blest is bliss.
Who is that, and what is who;
Shed is shod, and shud is shoe!

Incantation No. 2.

(To be spoken when the clock strikes twelve.)
What is which, and which is what;
Pat is pet, and pit is pat;
Hid is hide, and hod is hid;
Did is deed, and done is did!

"Now, there is one thing more," continued Zixi; "and this is very important. You



"'NOW, THERE IS ONE THING MORE,' CONTINUED ZIXI; 'AND THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT.'"

"I 'll explain what it 's about to-morrow," said Zixi, with dignity. "Now, here are two important incantations which you must learn by heart before you come to to-morrow's lesson. If you can speak them correctly and rapidly, and above all very distinctly, I will then allow you to perform a wonderful witchery."

She handed them each a slip of paper on which were written the incantations, as follows:

must each wear the handsomest and most splendid cloak you can secure when you come to me to-morrow morning."

This request made Princess Fluff thoughtful all the way home, for she at once remembered her magic cloak, and wondered if the strange Miss Trust knew she possessed it.

She asked Bud about it that night, and the young king said:

"I'm afraid this witch-woman is some one trying to get hold of your magic cloak. I would advise you not to wear it when she is around, or, more than likely, she may steal it."

So Fluff did not wear her magic cloak the next day, but selected in its place a pretty blue cape edged with gold.

When she and her maids reached the cottage, Zixi cried out angrily:

"That is not your handsomest cloak. Go home at once and get the other one!"

"I won't," said Fluff, shortly.

"You must! You must!" insisted the witch-

"Wait—wait!" implored Zixi, eagerly. "If you'll get the cloak I will teach you the most wonderful things in the world! I will make you the most powerful witch that ever lived!"

"I don't believe you," replied Fluff; and then she marched back to the palace with all her maids, leaving Zixi to stamp her small feet with rage.

But she knew her plot had failed; so she locked up the cottage and went back again to Ix, climbing the mountain and crossing the river and threading the forest with angry thoughts and harsh words for the little princess.



"THAT IS NOT YOUR HANDSOMEST CLOAK. GO HOME AT ONCE AND GET THE OTHER ONE!"

woman. "I can teach you nothing unless you wear the other cloak."

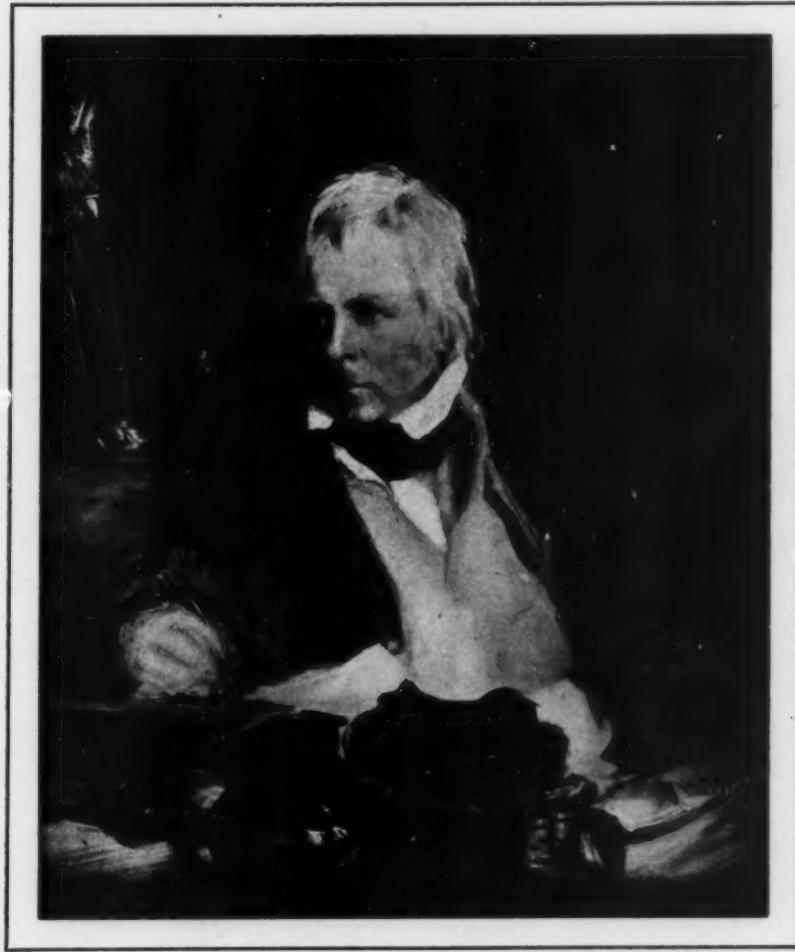
"How did you know I had another cloak?" asked the princess, suspiciously.

"By witch-craft, perhaps," said Zixi, mildly. "If you want to be a witch you must wear it."

"I don't want to be a witch," declared Fluff. "Come, girls, come; let's go home at once."

Yet the queen was more determined than ever to secure the magic cloak. As soon as she had reentered her palace and by more incantations had again transformed her hair to yellow and her eyes to black and dressed herself in her royal robes, she summoned her generals and counselors and told them to make ready to war upon the kingdom of Noland.

(To be continued.)



SIR WALTER SCOTT. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BEST COMPLIMENT.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

WHILE the authorship of the *Waverley* Novels was still a question of great literary curiosity, Sir Walter Scott was one night dining in company with a number of other gentlemen. Before long, the talk turned upon these novels, as it was apt to do then among cultivated people, for the popularity of the series was immense. After a great many incidents and characters had been discussed, some one at

length proposed that each gentleman present should write on a slip of paper his favorite volume of the set and throw it into a hat, that it might be seen where the vote of the company lay. The hat was passed, the slips read, and it was found that every man present had made a different choice.

Sir Walter always declared that this was the greatest compliment he ever received.



HATTIE SNYDER AND HER BIG PUPIL.

A GIRL WHO TRAINS AN ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS.

ONE of the most interesting animal-trainers and one of the most interesting trained animals in the whole world, probably, are Hattie Snyder, a fourteen-year-old school-girl, and "Hattie," a three-year-old Ceylon elephant. Hattie Snyder's father is William Snyder, who has

Central Park Zoo. The front of the cage is open except for strong iron bars, and about three feet in front of it is a railing which prevents the group of interested spectators that are always present from getting too close. In the back of the cage is a door which opens into



PLAYMATES.

been a keeper of the menagerie in Central Park, New York, for more than twenty years.

Whether Hattie the elephant prefers life in Ceylon to life in New York is uncertain, though she appears to be perfectly contented. Mr. Snyder, who has a wide knowledge of elephants, affirms that Hattie is the most intelligent and most amiable elephant he ever saw. She spends most of her time in a cage, about twenty feet square, in the elephant-house in the

a courtyard, and through this door Mr. Snyder passes when he feeds the elephant, as does Hattie Snyder when she visits her namesake; the elephant also uses this door whenever she goes into the outer world for exercise.

The scientific name of this remarkable animal is in such striking contrast with the name she is familiarly known by that her many juvenile friends who call regularly to offer her peanuts, candy, bananas, and other sweets do not

even attempt to pronounce it.

Here it is, as it is painted in plain letters on a board over her cage, or her home, much as a door-plate adorns the entrance to many of the homes of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*:

ELEPHAS INDICUS.
FAM. ELEPHANTIDÆ.

No wonder that her friends prefer to call her by the simple name of Hattie, which was given her, in honor of Hattie Snyder, on the day she arrived at the Zoo; and she knows her name perfectly. Whenever any of her child visitors call and say, "Hello, Hattie!" the elephant either raises her trunk and trumpets, or utters a squeaky noise similar to that of a mouse, only intensified about a hundred times.

She attends the public school, and although she always stands well in her class and is particularly studious, she inherits her father's love of animals, and prefers to study them rather than her text-books. When the two-year-old elephant came to New York, Hattie Snyder at once made friends with her, and soon began to teach her the tricks which the photographer has pictured.

The elephant performs other tricks besides those shown in the illustrations. One is that of crawling along the ground as a baby creeps upon the floor. When her young trainer gives the order, the elephant obediently drops on her knees and follows the girl about with a curious slow motion.

Hattie Snyder has trained her big pet to do a great number of tricks, and these are so well executed that Mr. Snyder has received



"HOW DO YOU DO?"



A STRANGE PROMENADE.

Hattie Snyder lives with her father and mother, about ten minutes' walk from the Zoo.

do a great number of tricks, and these are so well executed that Mr. Snyder has received

several offers from managers of New York theaters to exhibit the elephant, but these proposals have all been declined.

The most amusing trick which the elephant performs, according to the verdict of spectators, is that of waltzing. Hattie Snyder, with a light wand in her hand, walks backward while in front of her namesake, and whistles or hums a waltz-tune. The elephant follows her mistress, waltzing along in perfect time and quite gracefully for so huge a creature.

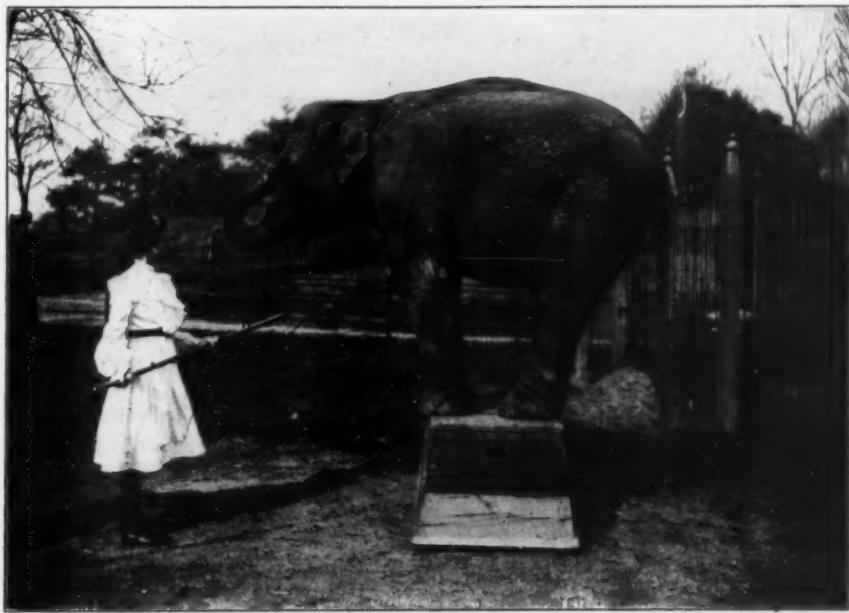
Another remarkable trick is that of playing a harmonica or mouth-organ while solemnly dancing on the top of a box two feet square. The seriousness with which Hattie does this musical trick always provokes a laugh.

being tied or otherwise controlled is concerned. She is a very gentle animal. Mr. Snyder says she has more intelligence and a better disposition than any other elephant he ever knew.

This well-known trainer asserts that it requires a year's acquaintance with an elephant in order to be absolutely sure that it is safe and kind. Hattie has served the year and has proved her intelligence, affection, and reliability.

She is well cared for, and has an excellent appetite. Her regular food consists of bran, oats, and hay in large quantities, besides six loaves of bread daily.

The principal delicacies allowed her are candy, peanuts, and bananas. The bananas and



SALUTING THE TEACHER.

Mr. Snyder and his daughter think that the elephant even plays such tunes as "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," but eminent musicians are of the opinion that this is merely a friendly theory and not a fact.

All the accompanying pictures were taken in Central Park, just outside the elephant-cage. The elephant was not in captivity, so far as

peanuts are swallowed whole and in very large quantities, and a satisfactory amount of candy consists of between ten and fifteen pounds.

Hattie is growing rapidly, and will weigh as much as two or possibly three tons when fully grown. If she rounds out the number of years ascribed to some captive elephants, she may live to be a hundred years old.



BY EDWARD W. VERY.

(An old story retold in a new form.)

THIS is a tale of the Orient, first told by the Sheik Beni Hassan:

Ali, Fourth Calif of Islam, son-in-law and best-beloved of Mohammed, was renowned among the faithful for his wisdom and even-handed justice as much as for his lion-hearted courage in the forefront of battle.

From him alone are descended all the sheriffs of the blood of the Prophet, and it was he who first lifted a sword in the cause of Islam.

And it was in the eighth year after Mohammed went from Mecca to Medina, when there was at last peace between those cities; but elsewhere the followers of the Prophet were harried in their wanderings,—their sheep and their camels were stolen and their people were held to ransom, and there was no rest in all the land,—until at last the Prophet intrusted to Ali the charge of assembling an army that should carry the faith and the standard of Islam into Arabia.

Now, by the ancient Arab law, when an army went forth to make conquests, all spoil captured in set battle or in foray was equally divided among all the tribes and families represented by fighting-men in the army; and because often one large detachment would suffer greatly and then have to share its booty with others who had not been in the heat and strain of the fight, the division often caused fierce

quarrels in which much blood was uselessly shed. But Ali sought to prevent this, and also he was in sore need of many men; so that when he sent his swift messengers out from Medina to call the tribes, he caused them to make known a new edict, which was: That, except for tribute levied on captured provinces and cities, and high ransoms demanded for princes, all captured booty should be divided only among those actually engaged in the capture; and these should share in the division in the proportion of the family to the total number of men in the division of the army to which each belonged. Thus was the inducement held out, that in the many forays that must take place each man would win a larger share, and also every family would send all its fighting-men to the army in order that both the chance to get plunder and the proportion to fall to him should be as large as possible. And so Ali marched forth from Medina with thirty thousand men, assembled by their tribes and families.

Now it so happened at one of the encampments that a squad of three picked men was sent out to reconnoiter; and as the service required the best horsemen and most skilled training, these men were not all from the same tribe or family. The first of these, Seyn Abdallah, was of the well-known Koreish family of

Mecca, and the men of that family made up one half of the strength of the division, therefore Seyn Abdallah would receive one half of all the booty that the squad might secure that day; Hosein ibn Faruch, by the number of his tribe, was entitled to one third of the booty; but Mohammed ben Azais, though a truly valiant man, belonged to a poor and weak tribe, and to him was left only the one-ninth share.

They scouted far through the hills; but all the dwellers of that region had taken the alarm and had fled with their most valuable possessions, so that when the squad returned at nightfall there was naught to show or divide for all their weary work but a herd of seventeen horses that they had collected.

And when they came to divide they found that in no way could they make a just division of the seventeen horses, either by the ancient Arab law or by Ali's edict; nor were their sheiks and wise men in any better case, so that arguments and reference, instead of smoothing matters, made things worse, until in their disagreements and family jealousies swords were drawn, and they were nigh to shed blood among the factions.

Then appeared Ali on his coal-black charger

Selim, returning with his falcons from hunting; he was accompanied by his chief falconer. Selim's trappings glittered with precious stones, though Ali would none of such trifling things, nor would he array himself in other than the woolen and sheepskin of the humblest of his host; but so great was his love for Selim that



"THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT." FROM A PAINTING BY FROMENTIN.

he decked him with a wealth of costly leather and many jewels. And as he drew near, Seyn Abdallah stepped forth, and, making obeisance,

as was proper in the presence of so august a person, gave speech and said:

"Hail, Ali, son of the Prophet! Peace be with thee and with thy household. Grant thou to us of thy justice, for we beseech thee to give judgment on thine own edict, and may the wisdom of Allah be imparted to thee to decide this matter, which passeth all comprehension. Here be seventeen horses that were captured together by Hosein ibn Faruch and Mohammed ben Azais and myself, all true believers and thy loyal servants. And, by the terms of thy law, one half of the herd belongs to me, but I know not how to take a half of seventeen horses; and one third belongs to Hosein ibn Faruch, but he cannot take a third of seventeen horses; and one ninth belongs to Mohammed ben Azais, but he cannot take a ninth of seventeen horses. If it be given thee to perform miracles, let one be forthcoming, that true justice may be done, and that our tribes may remain in friendship with each other and in loyalty to thee."

Then Ali, dismounting from his steed, gave speech: "Listen, O ye men of Koreish and ye of Faruch and ye of Azais! God is God, and Mohammed is his greatest Prophet; and yet ye well know that it has been given to Mohammed to perform but one miracle in all his life. He received the Koran from the angel Gabriel and gave it to thee for thy guidance forever. This only was he given miraculous power to do. How, then, do ye ask me to perform a miracle? All wisdom is with Allah and comes from him. I am but the humblest of his servants, and bound by my faith to see that even-handed justice is dealt to all, from the highest sheik in my command even down to my steed, Selim, whom I love like a brother, and who from his birth has fed from no hand but my own. Sooner would I lay down my life than part from Selim, but true justice must be done to one and all. Seyn Abdallah, take thou Selim and place him with the herd."

The chief falconer brought Selim forward.

Seyn Abdallah, in wonder and fear, took him by the bridle and led the proud steed into the herd of seventeen horses.

Then spake Ali: "Seyn Abdallah, there be eighteen horses in the herd, and to thee is due one half. Take thou nine horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Seyn Abdallah took nine horses.

"And thou, Hosein ibn Faruch, thy share is one third of the herd. Take thou six horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Hosein ibn Faruch took six horses.

"And thou, Mohammed ben Azais, to thee is due one ninth of the herd. Take thou two horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Mohammed ben Azais took two horses. And lo! Selim alone was left; and Ali mounted Selim and with his falconers rode away.

Then the assembled crowd were lost in wonder at the surprising wisdom of Ali; and Seyn Abdallah spake: "Truly he hath shown even-handed justice, for the seventeen horses have been divided among us, and yet each has received his exact proportion by the law."

Then spake Hosein ibn Faruch: "Tis a miracle,—a real miracle,—for to thee, Abdallah, was due but 'eight and a half horses, and thou hast nine; and to me was due but five and two thirds, and I have six; and to Mohammed was due but one and eight ninths, and he has two. We all have more than our true shares, and yet Selim is with Ali as before."

And then spake Mohammed ben Azais: "Truly a miracle, as thou sayest, Hosein; and with even-handed justice, as thou sayest, Abdallah; for, each of us having more than his share of the seventeen, behold! to thee, Abdallah, whose share is a half, has been given half a horse more than thy share; and to thee, Hosein, whose share is a third, has been given a third of a horse more than thy share; and to me, whose share is a ninth, has been given a ninth of a horse more than my share."

And so it truly was, as you easily prove for yourselves. But who can rightly explain it?



BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

III. HOW PINKEY WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

(A Story of April First.)

FOR a week before April Fool Day, the pupils of Pinkey Perkins's age in the public school had been observing its coming by all the "First of April" tricks known to Young America.

Pinkey had been studying all the week previous to April Fool Day how he was going to "fool" Miss Vance, or "Red Feather," the teacher, and still not lay himself open to being called seriously to account for his act. Just at present he cherished no special enmity toward Red Feather, and had no desire to make his joke more trying for her than could reasonably be expected on such an occasion.

It would not do to adopt any of the commonplace methods in vogue among the pupils. He wished to make her bring the joke down on herself, and, if possible, to make his part an entirely passive one.

Now Red Feather, to the utter surprise of her pupils, had actually invited all her scholars, about twenty-five in number, to a party at her home on the evening of April First. No one knew whether she was celebrating the day or had merely chosen it because it was convenient for her to have the party at that time.

Had not Pinkey already made his boasts that he would fool Red Feather, it is doubtful if he would have attempted to carry out his original intention after the invitation to the party had been given.

Pinkey was looking forward to the festive oc-

casion with great anticipations. At first it was his intention to ask his Affinity if he might take her to the party; but his courage always failed him at the crucial moment. At last he decided that she would probably wish to go with some of her girl friends, and then he would ask her to let him escort her home.

April Fool Day finally came, and with it all the accompanying excitement.

Farmers driving past the school-house were startled by the cry, "Whip behind, mister, whip behind!" and on looking back to see the cause for the warning, would be showered with the joyous exclamation coming from a dozen throats, "April Fool!" Imaginary balloons and flocks of birds were continually in the air, and it required remarkable presence of mind not to heed the sudden cry to look at them.

But when the bell rang, the merriment subsided, until here and there a smothered titter was all that could be seen or heard of the recent hilarity; and after roll-call and the marching and singing were over, school settled down to its usual routine.

When the A class in geography was called to the front and the members assumed their regulation positions in line, toes on a certain crack in the floor, Pinkey was very much excited within.

At these recitations Red Feather usually surveyed the class with critical eye, and if she detected any slovenliness in dress, she took

sharp measures to make sure that it did not occur again. Nothing could be more embarrassing to a boy than to have Red Feather take from her desk the small hand-mirror and a hair-brush, kept there for the purpose, and calmly pass them to him with instructions to stand on the platform and brush his hair until she told him to stop.

But the watchful eye of Pinkey's mother seldom overlooked any defects in her son's dress, and Red Feather never had cause to take him to task on that score, unless it was for damages incurred after leaving home for school.

This morning, as the teacher's practised glance ranged from one end of the class to the other, her attention was at once attracted to Pinkey; for hanging from his coat near the shoulder was a long white "raveling."

"Pinkerton Perkins," she announced, "I'm surprised at your coming up here to recite with a raveling like that on your coat. It shows very plainly that you failed to brush your coat properly before coming to school."

So saying, she approached the chastened Pinkey, and, with the eyes of the whole class fixed upon her, proceeded with deft thumb and forefinger to pluck from his coat the telltale evidence of his neglect.

Reaching out, she took hold of the raveling. Imagine her surprise when she found that she had hold of one end of a piece of white thread of indefinite length, which she was unwinding from a spool in Pinkey's inside coat-pocket.

Before he realized where he was or what he was doing, Bunny Morris cried, "April F—," then caught himself in time to smother with his hand the remainder of the exclamation.

Red Feather pulled out several feet of the thread before she stopped, for she felt that she must not give in that she had been caught in

the cleverly laid trap, and, with increasing confusion, mechanically drew more and more thread from Pinkey's coat, until she saw that her task was endless.

Then, still holding the thread in her fingers, she stood regarding the placid face of Pinkey, who, alone of all the pupils, retained his composure. With him it was a moment involving too much uncertainty to show any sign of the exultation that filled his heart. The other pupils, pleased beyond words, even had words been permissible, nudged one another, and giggled behind their hands.

"Pinkerton," said Red Feather at last, "what won't you be up to next?" and then added unnecessarily, "Did you do that intentionally?"

"Do what?" queried Pinkey, blandly.

"You know very well 'what,'" said Red Feather, growing incensed at his calmness. "Did you put that thread on your coat to get me to try to pull it off?"

"Could n't help it if you wanted to try to pull it off," replied the exasperating Pinkey, avoiding the issue.

Red Feather saw that even if she did force him to an admission that he had intentionally fooled her, she could gain nothing thereby, and by dwelling longer on the subject she would merely be showing how much she felt it. She also realized that she herself had made his effort a success by not exercising more caution at such a dangerous time as April First.

But such a misdemeanor could not be sanctioned by being overlooked, so she ordered Pinkey to wind up the thread she had unwound, and as soon as the recitation was over, stationed him on the platform, in one corner, with instructions to transfer the thread from the spool to a slate-



PINKEY HAS AN IDEA —



AND ACTS UPON IT.

pencil and back again, continuing this occupation until recess. But this undignified em-



ployment could not mar Pinkey's joy at having fooled Red Feather so successfully, and at getting out of it so easily. Considering all things, Pinkey felt that his little joke had been a decided success.

When recess came and he had completed his sentence in the corner, Pinkey joined gaily in the general endeavor to fool anybody and everybody, whenever opportunity afforded.

Recess that morning, as well as the noon hour and the afternoon recess, were boisterous repetitions of the morning playtime; but in view of Red Feather's petulant state of mind and of the party to take place that evening, the fooling in the school-room was slight, and was carried on in a very quiet way.

On the way from school Pinkey and several of his companions walked behind the girls and tried to fool them by sending them on a vain errand to the post-office; for who, be they young or old, can remain indifferent to the information that "there is a letter in your box"? But only a few of the girls fell victims to the snare.

As soon as supper was over, Pinkey began

preparations for the party. Bunny Morris "came by" for him, and the two chums were among the last to reach Red Feather's home. When they arrived the party was in full sway. Red Feather was in her most amiable mood. She greeted them as she had all the others, as though her chief joy in life was to make her pupils happy.

Her little red curls, from which she derived her nickname, bobbed with seeming approval and good will at all the jokes she heard, and she encouraged her guests in all their games with a spirit that melted many a heart heretofore well-nigh frozen toward her.

It did not seem that this could be the same person who at times had been, as it seemed to them, almost inhuman in her rigid discipline.

As soon as he arrived, Pinkey sought out his Affinity, and, without making his efforts too apparent, contrived to remain in her vicinity most of the evening. He managed to be by her side when the time came for the refreshments to be served, and to sit by her while the plates of ice-



cream and cake were consumed by the pupils, arranged in orderly manner around the room.

While this formality was in progress, Pinkey seized the opportunity, when all were too busy to notice him, to say to his Affinity the words that had heretofore been stifled by his modesty. Screwing his courage up to the highest notch, and with his eyes glassily fixed on the plate in his lap, he managed to articulate: "Is anybody

ture that threatened to choke him. Springing into the middle of the room, he shouted:

"Come on! let's play something."

But Red Feather now informed them that she had other plans for the remainder of the evening; and, after all traces of the repast had been removed, she explained her program.

"Now, girls and boys," she said, when they had gathered around her, "I have hidden peanuts here and there all over these three rooms downstairs, behind cushions, on top of the picture-frames, and in all sorts of nooks and corners, one and two in a place. Now I'm going to give each of you one of these little bags, and when I say 'Ready!' you are to commence searching for peanuts. At the end of three minutes I will ring this little bell, and you must all return to me immediately. The one who has found the most peanuts will be awarded first prize, and the one who has found the least will get the 'booby' prize."

After distributing the little colored-paper bags, she spoke the starting-word. Immediately

the house was in an uproar. Boys and girls rushed hither and thither, now and then increasing the din as two or three solitary peanuts were unearthed from their out-of-the-way hiding-places.

Now it happened that Red Feather, in preparing for this diversion, had purchased more peanuts than she afterward found it convenient to use. So, after distributing what she considered a sufficient quantity, she had placed the bag containing the remainder in one of the pigeonholes of her writing-desk, intending to remove it later on, but had forgotten to do so.

It also happened that Pinkey, in his mad search for the hidden nuts, caught sight of the twisted end of the bag, and immediately drew it forth and emptied part of the contents in the bag Red Feather had given him, filling it. The few that remained he put in his pocket.



"IS ANYBODY GOING TO SEE YOU HOME TO-NIGHT?"

going to see you home to-night?" He feared Eddie Lewis might have anticipated him in asking her.

His Affinity blushed, and replied with apparent unconcern: "I don't know. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," replied Pinkey, vaguely, unconsciously crossing and recrossing his feet in his nervousness.

"Please tell me why," purred his Affinity, leaning confidingly near to him.

"'Cause, if you have n't promised anybody else, I'd like to." There! he had said it at last — the speech he had been trying to say for three days.

He could scarcely retain his seat, so confused had he become while taking his heroic plunge.

"I guess nobody else is going to, but —"

Pinkey could wait to hear no more. He must do something strenuous to hide the rap-

Just then the bell rang, and they all assembled around Red Feather to see who had won the prizes.

Needless to say, Pinkey had more than any one else; and, deeply to his regret, his Affinity had the least. He wished he might give her part or all of his, but that, of course, was now out of the question.

"Why, Pinkerton!" inquired Red Feather, "where did you find all these nuts? I did n't know there were so many hidden."

"Found some behind books, and some in the big jar on the mantel in the front room. The rest I found in the desk over in the corner."

Then Red Feather remembered that she had not removed the bag from her desk as she had intended, and it was these peanuts, in all probability, that had given Pinkey more than any of the others. She did not know exactly what to do. To say that they were not included would at once raise the argument that they were in one of the designated rooms and should therefore count. Besides, it was possible that Pinkey had enough to win without it, though it was not probable. To give the prize to any one else would at once raise the old cry that she was "partial."

Then a plan suggested itself to her that seemed to be the most satisfactory way to avoid giving Pinkey the first prize. That was to give it to Hattie Warren, and to give Pinkey the prize that would have fallen to her.

Of course it is not to be charged against Red Feather that she would so recognize a frivolous custom of childhood as to allow the remembrance of the raveling on Pinkey's coat to influence her in any way in her decision to substitute one prize for the other.

So, without further ado, Pinkey was presented with a large pasteboard box, securely wrapped up and tied with heavy red cord, and his Affinity with a similar package, only much smaller.

Immediately both were surrounded by the others and urged to open their packages. Pinkey was puffed with pride at his good luck and did not hesitate to chaff his less fortunate companions.

"You fellows don't know how to look for things," he was saying, as he tugged at the knot, "you don't know how to use your eyes. That

sack was — anybody got a knife? — that sack was right there all the time where 'f it had been a snake 't would 've bitten you. If you don't keep your eyes open, how can you ever expect to find anything?"

By this time he had slipped the string over the corner of the box and had removed the lid. He placed his package on the center-table, so everybody could see, and began to remove a quantity of tissue-paper with which it seemed filled. Soon he reached a very small box carefully tucked away in the center of the crumpled mass. As he saw the size of the box, his elation was somewhat dimmed, but still he felt it must be something valuable to be so thoroughly packed. By this time the excitement was at fever-heat, and as the breathless crowd pressed about him, Pinkey became so excited that he could hardly untie the ribbon that surrounded the little box.

At last he got it off, and, with trembling fingers, removed the covering, when, to his utter horror, he found, tied to a piece of white cardboard, a triple-jointed peanut, dressed as a doll. On its head was a dunce-cap, and printed on the card in large black letters were the words, "APRIL FOOL!"

Pinkey was speechless, stunned with dismay, as he held up the hateful object which he had taken from the box. He tried to smile, but his effort produced merely a sickly grin. The merciless beings about him were beside themselves when they saw his "prize," and danced around the table like a lot of Indians, shouting "April Fool, April Fool," at the top of their voices, while Red Feather, with a subdued twinkle in her eye, looked on from a near-by doorway.

Pinkey's pride had received an irreparable blow, and he could not bear to remain and be derided so unmercifully. He had only one small grain of comfort — the knowledge that his Affinity had received as her prize a beautiful gold pen with a pearl handle, all nicely fitted in a plush-lined case.

The party broke up directly after the award of the prizes, and as soon as the boys could get their hats, they gathered around the front door, waiting for the girls to come downstairs.

When Pinkey's Affinity appeared, he marched boldly up and offered her his arm, which she

took in a delightfully confiding way, and, as he proudly strutted along by her side, he felt that there were some things in life besides being cruelly ridiculed, and that, whatever troubles he had experienced, life had never been quite so full of unadulterated bliss as at this moment.

But his happiness was doomed to be short-lived. As he and his Affinity reached the gate and turned toward her home, an approaching figure loomed up under the corner street-lamp that caused Pinkey's heart to sicken and his knees to almost give way beneath him. It was her father, and he was coming to take her home!

Pinkey stopped short and waited his approach, every step sounding a death-knell to his joy.

"Oh, here comes my papa!" shouted his Affinity, running to meet her father, forgetful of the fact that it must be a sorry moment for Pinkey.

"Come on, Pinkey," said Mr. Warren, in a good-humored tone. "I think we both ought to get my daughter home without any trouble."

It was a bitter pill for Pinkey. He dared not abandon his original purpose to escort his Affinity home, yet he did not relish the rôle of assistant escort.

So he joined his Affinity and her father, and walked along on one side of her, keeping as near as possible to the edge of the sidewalk and maintaining absolute silence, while his Affinity, holding to her father's hand, prattled on joyfully, telling him all about the party, showing him her

prize, and telling him about the one Pinkey had received.

"Getting even with you, Pinkey, for carrying thread in your pocket," said Mr. Warren, suspecting Pinkey's disappointment and trying to be agreeable. "Turn about is fair play, you know."



"APRIL FOOL!"

But Pinkey could not be roused from the depths into which he had been plunged since the second blow he had suffered. He just trudged along in dogged silence.

To add to Pinkey's discomfiture, all the boys who, on account of rebuffs or timidity, had no girls and were proceeding from the party in a body, crossed the street and began to taunt and

jeer at him as they pursued their parallel course toward the public square. They dared to do collectively what none of them would have dreamed of doing single-handed. "'F you need any more help, just call on us," said one. "What'd you do with the big prize-package?" taunted another. "Goin' to send down for it to-morrow?" "Peanuts on a card, five cents a yard," extemporized Putty Black, and immediately the whole crowd took it up in chorus.

Pinkey had never been in such a rage in his life. He was bubbling over with wrath, yet helpless to resent it. He could not reply to their mockeries while he was with his Affinity, and, besides, that would only be an admission of his state of mind, and their pleasure would be correspondingly multiplied.

In addition to the embarrassment occasioned by the presence of Mr. Warren, and the tumult of anger that was consuming him, Pinkey saw a new terror arise as he pictured himself crossing the public square in his present company, and followed by the merciless band of soulless boys.

That was too much. He had borne as much as could rightfully be expected of a saint, and could not see his way clear to fulfilling the position of figurehead any longer. So, when they reached the corner near his own home and only one block from the square, Pinkey decided that he could stand it no longer, and with a mumbled excuse that his mother had told him "to get home early," he said "Good night" and detached himself from the society of his Affinity and her father, and the next instant turned

upon his persecutors. When they saw this move on Pinkey's part, they took to their heels in all directions, each fearing that he might be singled out as the object of Pinkey's wrath.

To his mother's inquiries whether or not he had had a good time, Pinkey announced that he had enjoyed himself more on other occasions.

Half an hour later, as, with elbows on his knees and his doubled-up fists dug into his cheeks, Pinkey sat on the edge of his bed, still thinking it all over, he decided that April Fool Day had not been such a success after all. He had reviewed all the events that had transpired since morning, and each had been the subject of much serious consideration.

As for Red Feather and the prize she had given him, he thought perhaps he had received only what he deserved after fooling her in the morning.

What rankled deepest in his heart was the humiliation he had suffered at not being permitted to take his Affinity home alone, and at being finally compelled to abandon his purpose. That was worse than the ridicule, for he could and would get square for that.

But he had learned one lesson that he would always remember: never again would he allow his Affinity to go to a party with other girls and then expect to take her home. He resolved that in the future he would write her a formal note asking the pleasure of her company *to* the party as well as *from* it. Never again, if he could help it, would he run the risk of an occurrence such as he had experienced that night.



TWO RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.



I. SAILING.

AFLOAT, afloat, in a golden boat!
Hoist the sail to the breeze!
Steer by a star to lands afar
That sleep in the southern seas,
And then come home to our teas!



II. THE CAPITALIST.

I ALWAYS buy at the lollipop-shop,
On the very first day of spring,
A bag of marbles, a spinning-top,
And a pocketful of string.



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

SIXTH PAPER.

COMPARING REMBRANDT WITH MURILLO.

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1606(?)—1669; BAR-
TOLOMÉ ESTÉBÁN MURILLO, 1617—1682.

THE sudden uprising of art in Holland produced in the person of Rembrandt one of the foremost artists of the world. He is one of the few great original men who stand alone. You cannot trace his genius to the influence of his time or to the work of other men who preceded him; and although he had followers, none of them could do what he did. He shines out in solitary bigness like a Shakspere or Beethoven or Michelangelo.

So it is not so much for comparison as for convenience in continuing our method of study that I couple his name with Murillo's. Yet, having done so, we may find that they have something in common: a common center round which Murillo makes a small circle, Rembrandt an infinitely larger one.

In his "Children of the Shell," Murillo chose for subject the infancy of the Christ and St. John—the latter represented with a staff-like cross, in token of his career as preacher and pilgrim, while the application of the legend upon the scroll, "Ecce Agnus Dei" ("Behold the Lamb of God"), to the infant Saviour is further illustrated by the introduction of a lamb. These symbols were prescribed by the church of his time; Murillo put them in, partly because his patrons demanded them, and partly because he himself was a devout Christian; but in other respects he was influenced by a man's love of little children and an artist's desire to create a beautiful picture. He took for his type the warm-skinned, supple, brown-eyed children that played half naked in the bright sunshine of Seville; their beauty of limb and grace of movement are characteristic of their free, open-

air life. This part of the picture is real enough: a bit of nature put upon the canvas. But the little bodies are bathed in a soft vaporous light, —a kind of light "that never was on sea or land,"—a product of the artist's imagination.

The people of Murillo's own day loved his work because they could enter into it and understand it; for it portrayed, in its virgins, children, and saints, the type of figures with which they were familiar, with the sweet gentleness of sentiment of his Southern race.

So they loved his work; and for the same reason, that it is of earth and yet above it, humanly natural and yet idealized, it has continued to be loved.

Rembrandt's picture, on the other hand, did not satisfy the men for whom it was painted. It is one of the kind known as "corporation pictures," or a great group of actual portraits in one picture. Sometimes it was the council of one of the trade guilds, sometimes the governing body or the surgical force of a hospital, very often one of the numerous militia companies, that wished to be commemorated. Frans Hals painted many of these pictures; so also did another popular Dutch painter named Bartholomeus van der Helst. Both these artists gave great satisfaction to their patrons; for they took care that each member who had paid his quota toward the expense of the picture should have his portrait clearly delineated. It was, after all, simple justice to a quite reasonable vanity. Besides, the whole tendency of Dutch art, as we have seen, was toward direct portraiture, and the Dutch mind has always been straightforward, matter-of-fact. The people—on the one hand, fighting against the encroachments of the ocean and the invasion of the Spaniard, and, on the other, extend-

ing their trade over the world—were living very real lives, and their artists as a body were realists.

Rembrandt had proved himself a realist when he painted, in his twenty-sixth year, "The Anatomy Lesson," in which the famous Dr. Tulp is represented conducting a lecture in dissection before a class of surgeons. It was a marvelous work, and immediately secured for the young painter many commissions from those who wished to have their portraits painted, and caused his studio to be sought by students eager to learn from him. It made him famous.

Ten years later he was asked to paint this picture of Captain Banning Cocq's company of musketeers. With the assurance of genius, he dared to depart from the usual way of representing such a subject. Instead of grouping the company in their guild-house, he represents them issuing from it, as if the occasion were a shooting-match. The captain, dressed in black, with a red scarf, is giving directions to his lieutenant, whose costume is yellow, with a white scarf around his waist; the drummer is sounding the call, which arouses the barking of a dog; the ensign shakes loose the big flag; a sergeant stretches out his arm as he gives an order; picket-men are hurrying out; a musketeer is loading his gun, a boy running beside him with the powder-horn; and in the middle of the group, "as if," says Mr. John La Farge, "to give a look of chance and suddenness to the scene, is the figure of a little girl, strangely enough, with a dead fowl strung from her wrist." She appears to be engaged in some form of play with a boy, who has a leaf-crowned helmet on his head, and is turning his back, so that his leg is chiefly visible.

Rembrandt, in fact, chose an instant of sudden and general animation, and by his genius has made it thrill with the appearance of actual life. The picture as originally painted was larger, but when removed to the Amsterdam town hall it did not fit the space on the wall, and was cut down in size, a slice being taken off the right side and the bottom. This barbarous treatment has particularly interfered with the relation of the two front figures to the rest of the group, giving them too much an appearance of stepping out of the picture,

whereas in its original shape we may be sure the balance of the composition was complete.

To draw its various parts into one supreme impression, Rembrandt abandoned the custom of setting all the figures in a clear, even light, and welded the whole together *in an elaborate pattern of light and shade*. This had become darkened by dirt and smoke, so that it was taken by French writers of the eighteenth century for a night scene, and styled "Patrouille de Nuit," and Sir Joshua Reynolds followed their error by calling it "The Night Watch." Subsequent cleaning, however, has proved that, notwithstanding some darkening of the color as the result of time, the picture represents a daylight scene. The company streams out of the dark doorway into bright sunlight.

But, if every part had been shown with equal distinctness, it would have been impossible for the spectator to receive from it the instantaneous shock of wonder and surprise that he now experiences. His attention, instead of being immediately focused, would have been scattered over a hundred details. As it is, he sees the picture as a whole, and receives a great single impression, before he begins to consider the details.

This picture, however, damaged Rembrandt's reputation. Each member of the company had paid for a good likeness of himself and a good place on the canvas. But the painter disregarded the conceit of the men who were to appear in his portrait-group, and sacrificed their wishes to making a picture. His first care was to compose this picture artistically. After such a blow to their vanity, the civic guards bestowed their patronage elsewhere, and Rembrandt's commissions fell off from this time forward.

Rembrandt combined two natures: one, the realist; the other, the idealist. At times he was impressed with the facts of things—the main, essential facts of a landscape or of a human personality; and whether he was painting with the brush or drawing on copper with the etching-needle, the result is a wonderful presentation of the truth of actual appearance. At other times it was the truth beneath the surface—the invisible truth—that fascinated him; and in his attempts to express this he discovered for

himself a new treatment of light. It was something different from the arrangement of light and shade which other artists used. He, too, used their method, but he carried it much further than any other artist before or since, so that it is called, after his name, the "Rembrandt-esque" treatment. The darkness itself in his

nated in 1661, eight years before his death, in one of his most marvelous pictures: "The Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild." Meanwhile, in many single portraits, and in smaller groups like his "Christ at Emmaus," he reached such a depth and power of expression that one seems to look into the very soul of the subject. This



"THE CHILDREN IN THE SHELL." BY MURILLO.

pictures is transparent: you can peer into it and discover half-concealed forms; it provokes curiosity; there is mystery; and it acts upon the mind so that the real and the imaginary are mingled. It is at once reality and a dream.

"The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company" was Rembrandt's first big effort to show the possibilities of painting; and from that time his whole after-life was a struggle to reconcile the two sides of his nature. This struggle culmi-

power of a man who sees into the heart of things, and makes others partake of his imagination, appears also in his etchings, and Rembrandt is recognized as the prince of etchers.

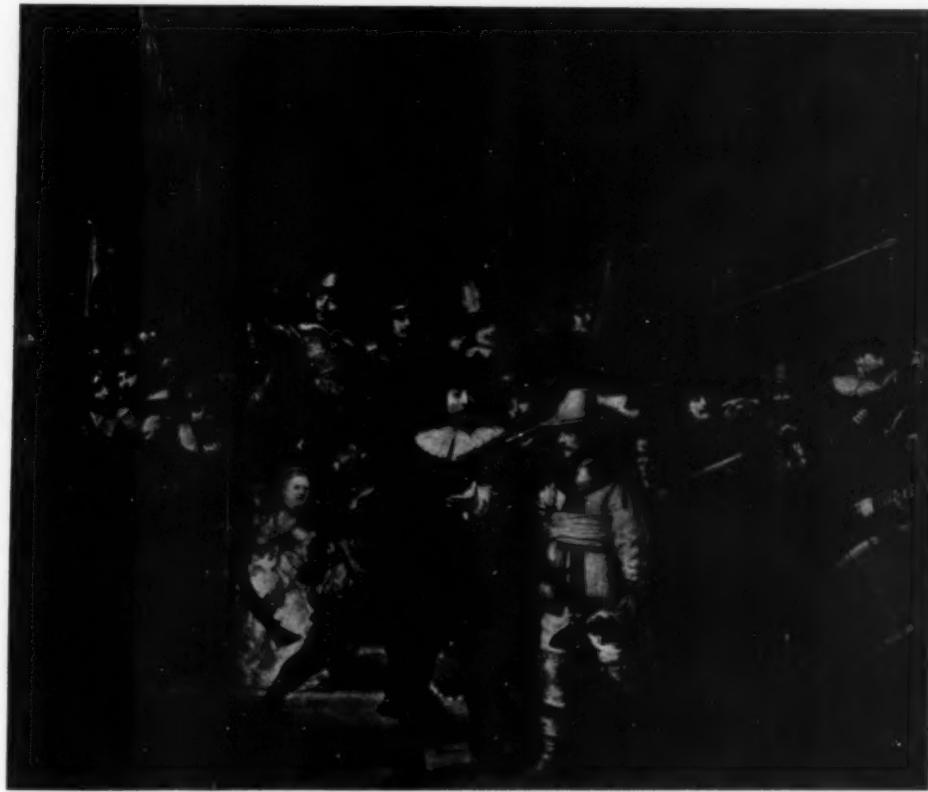
We started with a comparison of Murillo and Rembrandt, and have discovered, if I have told the story aright, that what Murillo attempted, he did to the satisfaction of the people of his time and of after times; whereas Rembrandt, striving for something infinitely greater, had his

successes and his failures, was misunderstood by the people of his day, and during the century which followed, when the influence of Italian painting, spreading over Europe, had penetrated even into Holland, was neglected. The story of their work corresponds with the story of their lives.

Murillo's proceeded smoothly and pleas-

tures altered to suit their taste; and, as he sat among the stalls, he had plenty of opportunity of studying and sketching the city urchins and beggar-boys that lay or frolicked in the sunshine. He afterward painted many of these juvenile subjects, and they are among his best work, so true to life and vigorously executed.

His start toward higher effort really began



"THE SORTIE OF THE BANNING COQ COMPANY." BY REMBRANDT.

antly. He was born in Seville, the birthplace also of Velasquez. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to an uncle who was a painter, and his gentle nature and diligence soon made him a favorite with his master and his fellow-students. He managed to live by painting little pictures of sacred subjects on linen, offering them for sale at the *feria*, or weekly market. It was the custom to bring paints and brushes to the fair, so that patrons could have the pic-

when there returned to Seville a fellow-student of Murillo's who had exchanged painting for soldiering and been with the army in Flanders. He was now back in Seville with some copies of Van Dyck's work, and with so many stories of what he had seen that Murillo was seized with the longing to go to Rome. He trudged on foot to Madrid, and called on his fellow-townsman, Velasquez, to secure letters of introduction. That great artist received him kindly,

and, being struck with his earnestness, invited him to stay in his own house. Velasquez was called away in attendance on the King, and during his absence Murillo made copies of paintings in the royal galleries by Van Dyck and Velasquez himself. The latter was so pleased with the progress the young man had made that he advised him to go to Rome; but by this time Murillo had no desire to leave his country. He stayed in Madrid for further study, and then returned to Seville after three years' absence.

One of the mendicant brothers of the little Franciscan monastery had collected a sum of money, which the friars determined to expend upon some paintings for their cloister. The amount was too small to attract the well-known artists of the city, so with much compunction they gave the commission to the young, untried Murillo. It was the opportunity he wanted; and he made such good use of it that his reputation was at once established. Henceforth his time was fully occupied in decorating churches and in painting for private individuals; he was admitted into the best society, made a rich marriage, became the head of the School of Seville, and all the time was beloved of the people.

A fall from a scaffold cut short the painter's activity. Too weak to work, he lingered for two years, spending much of his time in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campanas' painting of "The Descent from the Cross"; and beneath this picture, by his request, he was buried.

The date of Rembrandt's birth is doubtful, being variously assigned to 1606, 1607, and 1608. His father, Harmen van Rijn (Harmen of the Rhine), owned a mill on the banks of the Rhine at Leyden. When quite young, the boy was sent to the Latin school in order that, as Orless, the best authority upon his early life, puts it, "he might in the fullness of time be able to serve his native city and the republic with his knowledge." However, his inclination toward drawing was so marked that his father placed him with Jacob van Swanenburg. Three years later he went to Amsterdam to study under Lastman, who had spent many years in Rome. But with him Rembrandt

stayed only six months; returning to Leyden, "determined," as Orless says, "to study and practise painting alone in his own fashion." He stayed at home six years, working much from the members of his family, and frequently etching his own head, with various kinds of facial expression.

In 1630 he moved to Amsterdam, which henceforth was to be the scene of his life. The city at that time had recovered from the shock of war, and was rapidly growing in commercial prosperity and liberally encouraging the fine arts. For a time all went well with Rembrandt. As I have said, his "Lesson in Anatomy," painted in 1632, made him famous; commissions poured in and students flocked to his studio. Two years later he married a young lady of property, Saskia van Ulenburgh, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose portrait he painted or etched eighteen times, besides using her as a model in various pictures.

He was able now to indulge his taste for beautiful things, and became a generous buyer of other artists' work, filling his handsome house in the Breedstraat with treasures. Ten years of domestic happiness and magnificent painting followed his marriage, and then, in 1642, the clouds gathered.

In that year he was involved in disputes, as we have seen, over "The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company"; but, worse than that, his beloved Saskia died, leaving an infant son, Titus. In the emptiness of his home and heart, the great artist buried himself with ever deeper purpose and grander energy in his work. It is characteristic of this sad time that his portraits of himself cease for six years; then appears an etching, in which he no longer represents himself in splendid clothes, with fierce mustache and flowing hair, but as a simple citizen. His hair and mustache are trimmed; a large hat covers his head; his tunic is unadorned; he is seated at a window drawing, but lifts his head and gazes full at the spectator with his piercing eyes. During this time he owed much to the sympathy and encouragement of the burgomaster Jan Six, a scholar and connoisseur; and now the Six mansion, the celebrated Six Gallery at Amsterdam, owes much of its fame to the pictures by Rembrandt which it contains.

In 1656 he was overtaken by financial troubles, due to his own love of buying works of art and his lack of business ability. He was declared a bankrupt, his house was sold, and his treasures were dispersed at auction; and by the time that his creditors were satisfied there was nothing left for him.

But his devotion to his art was unabated and the years which followed were distinguished by a series of noble paintings and etchings, among them his great picture "The Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild."

It is good to know that he had friends, and that his last years, though contracted in means, were comfortable. In his last portrait of himself, painted a year before his death, he has

depicted his face wrinkled by time and care, but laughing heartily. It sums up the triumph of the man and the artist over evil fortune.

After his death he was soon forgotten. Through the eighteenth century Dutch painters, like those of other countries, turned to Italy for inspiration; Rembrandt's marvels of light were forgotten or condemned by ignorant critics; his portraits, that search into the souls of his subjects, despised for their "laborious, ignorant diligence." He was neglected, while Murillo continued to be abundantly admired.

Now, however, Murillo is esteemed less highly, and Rembrandt has been restored to his place among the giants.



"THE THREE GUARDSMEN."

CECILY'S EASTER HAT.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.



CECILY tiptoed into Miss Arethusa Van Horn's room behind her mother, who carried a tray with steaming dishes, and Cecily bore a little plate of bread. The room was dim and warm, and there was the heavy scent of Cologne water. Outside the sun was shining, and the birds were calling to one another.

"Is that you at last, Mrs. Hodges?" said a fretful voice from out of the shadows; "you are awfully late with my lunch."

"I'm very sorry," apologized Cecily's mo-

ther; "but everything went wrong this morning, and I got behind."

She set the tray down as she spoke and pulled up the window-shades a very little, revealing a couch on which lay a delicate woman of uncertain age. She wore a much-ruffled pink silk dressing-gown, at which Cecily gazed with awe. Miss Arethusa had such lovely clothes! And Cecily sighed as she looked down at her faded gingham.

Miss Arethusa surveyed the tray discontentedly. "Chicken broth again! Oh, Mrs. Hodges, can't you give me something different? I am so tired of soups."

"It's right hard to get things in the country," said Cecily's mother, her face flaming at the criticism; "and the doctor told me not to give you anything solid."

"Well, why don't you cook eggs for me, then?" said Miss Arethusa, petulantly; "anything for a change!"

"Eggs are very scarce," explained Mrs. Hodges; "I am going to send over to Mrs. Reynolds for some."

Miss Arethusa looked up. "Why, Mrs. Hodges," she said, "you have fresh eggs yourself. I saw Cecily bring one in this morning."

Cecily stepped forward eagerly as if to speak, but Mrs. Hodges stopped her with a look.

"Those eggs are from Cecily's little black hen, Miss Arethusa," she said firmly; "and I can't take them."

"Why not, if I need them?" asked Miss Arethusa, indignantly.

"I promised Cecily she should have every

egg from her little hen until she had a dozen," said Mrs. Hodges; "and I can't break my promise. She is going to sell them and have the money for herself."

"Well, I think Cecily is very selfish," murmured Miss Arethusa, coldly.

"I can't break my promise," was Mrs. Hodges's decision; "but I'll get you some as soon as Mrs. Reynolds can send them over."

"Oh, of course," said Miss Arethusa, "let Cecily keep her eggs; but it's hard on me."

Mrs. Hodges arranged the tray in an uncomfortable silence, propped the invalid up on pillows, and withdrew with Cecily.

Once in the shelter of the kitchen, however, she drew her little daughter into her arms and kissed the tears away from the wet eyes.

"Cecily," she said fiercely, "just remember that she is sick, and can't help being cross." Then she laughed a little. "If she was n't sick, I'd shake her. Yes, I would, Cecily; I'd shake her. To call my little girl selfish—my own little mother's help!"

"Do you think I ought to let her have the eggs, mother?" sobbed Cecily.

"No. I can't squeeze out a cent for you between now and Easter. Miss Arethusa's board is n't due until after that, and it will take every cent to pay the mortgage interest. If Mrs. Reynolds lets me have the eggs, I can pay her when our hens are laying. But I could n't pay cash for anything just now; and you can exchange your eggs at the store for the ribbon. I wanted to tell Miss Arethusa that if she really needed those eggs she could pay you extra—but she would n't do that, and she might leave. We must remember that we are well and she is sick—poor Miss Arethusa!"

Cecily looked at her mother with solemn eyes. "I don't believe, even if you were so sick that you ached all over and could n't hardly breathe, that you would be half as cross as Miss Arethusa."

There was a little twinkle in Mrs. Hodges's eyes. "Oh, who can tell, Cecily?" she said. "I might be as cross—Cecily, I might be as cross as two sticks;" and she whirled the little girl into her lap and gave her a big hug.

"My dear, dear mother, I know you wouldn't!" murmured Cecily, all dimples and laughter.

"Now, run away," said Mrs. Hodges, "and hurry Mrs. Reynolds about the eggs."

Cecily sped across fields that were just showing their tender green. In the Reynolds front yard a peach-tree waved pink branches in the fragrant wind, and the crocuses were coming up in a trim little row by the fence.

Delia Reynolds was in the hall, in one of her mother's cane-seated "heirlooms," reading a book.

"Sit down and see this new book Uncle Dick sent me," said Delia.

"I can't stay," said Cecily, with a shake of her head; "I've got to take some eggs back right away."

"I don't believe you'll get any," said Delia. "Mother just sent the last one to the city."

"Oh, dear!" said Cecily, and sat down on the step.

"What's the matter?" asked Delia.

"I shall have to give up 'Blackie's' eggs, Delia," cried poor Cecily; "and then I won't have any new ribbon for my hat."

"What have Blackie's eggs got to do with your hat?" asked the practical Delia.

Cecily explained: "Mother can't afford to give me any money, and I was going to sell Blackie's eggs. You know we have to use Miss Arethusa's board to live on since father died," and Cecily's voice trembled.

"Well, I just would n't give that cross old thing my ribbon-eggs," said Delia. "She is just the hatefullest—"

"She's sick, Delia," interrupted Cecily.

"I don't care. I think she is horrid."

Right down in the bottom of her heart, Cecily thought so too; but some sense of honor to their one boarder kept her from saying so to Delia.

"Well, I guess I'll have to go," she said presently. "Come over soon, Delia."

All the way home her mind was shadowed by the thought of her mother's worry when she knew there were no eggs to be obtained.

But Mrs. Hodges did not let the little girl see how the news really affected her. "Never mind, dearie," she said; "I'll make some raspberry-jelly for her to-night,—I've got some juice from my canned ones,—and maybe we can think of something in the morning."

But in the morning there was nothing to be thought of, and Mrs. Hodges came down from Miss Arethusa's room with a deep line of care on her forehead.

"No, no, no," she insisted, when Cecily again offered the eggs; "I can't let you do it"; but there was a note of indecision in her voice.

After a while she sent Cecily up to Miss

Arethusa with the mail, and the child, stepping softly over the rugs, heard from out of the darkness a little sound that made her catch her breath.

Miss Arethusa was crying!

She backed out of the room unheard, and sat on the landing for a

"I never thought of that. I just thought she was cross and mean, but she was crying, and maybe, with all her pretty things, she is n't as happy as I am with my old ones; for I have mother, Blackie, and Miss Arethusa has n't a soul to love her."

Blackie perked her head on one side and turned up a bead-like eye.

"Not that I wonder much," went on Cecily; "for she is n't lovely and loving like mother,—every one loves mother,—but I've got to give up your eggs, Blackie, and go without the ribbon. She needs them worse than I need my hat—because she's sick and unhappy, and I'm well—"

So in the little old hen-house Cecily fought her battle, and when she went in to her mother her face was serene.

"I'm going to give my eggs to Miss Arethusa," she announced. "Now, please don't say I sha'n't, mother," she pleaded as Mrs. Hodges started to protest. "Suppose I was sick and could n't have what I wanted: it would be dreadful, would n't it?"

"My dear little girl!" said her mother, and kissed her.

That evening Cecily went into Miss Arethusa's room with two creamy eggs on a blue plate, and across the plate was a spray of apple-blossoms that brought into the darkened, stuffy room the freshness of the spring outside.

"How sweet!" said Miss Arethusa, and a smile lighted her tired face. "I love flowers." But she ate the eggs as a matter of course, and never asked whence they came.

Every day after that, Cecily carried in an egg, and sometimes on the plate there would be a bunch of wild violets, again a cluster of snowy cherry-blossoms, and once a little branch all covered with fluffy pussy-willows.

Miss Arethusa exclaimed over these. "Where did you get 'hem'?" she asked with interest.

"Down by the stream back of the garden. You ought to go there, Miss Arethusa."

But Miss Arethusa shivered. "Oh, I could n't go out," she said. "It would make me worse."

"Let me show you where it is," cried Cecily, pulling up the window-blind and letting in a flood of sunshine. Outside everything was



"WELL, I JUST WOULD N'T GIVE THAT CROSS OLD THING
MY RIBBON-EGGS!"

long time; and when she finally carried in the letters, she rapped loudly, waited for a feeble, "Come in," laid the package down beside Miss Arethusa, and fled.

When she went down she did not say anything to her mother. Somehow she had the feeling that what she had seen was a secret between Miss Arethusa and herself. She went out to the hen-house and sat down beside Blackie, who was on her nest. The little hen bridled with raised crest, but Cecily sat so still that she settled back again contentedly.

"She is lonely, Blackie," confided Cecily.

blue and white and gold and tender green, and Miss Arethusa drank in the scene like one who has been blind and sees again.

"Is n't it a beautiful world, Miss Arethusa?" cried little Cecily.

"Leave the curtain up, Cecily," said Miss Arethusa, slowly, passing her hand across her eyes; "it will rest me to look out." She was very quiet after that, and lay, with her cheek on her hand, gazing at the blossoming world.

The next day she let Mrs. Hodges open the window, and, wrapped up well, she breathed the sweetness of the spring air.

"It does you good, Miss Arethusa," said Mrs. Hodges as she beat up the pillows.

"I believe it does," said Miss Arethusa, and reached up and caught at the rough hand and gave it a little squeeze. "How good you are!"

It was the first word of praise that she had ever given Mrs. Hodges, and the little woman beamed and smiled and felt that the world was very bright indeed.

But downstairs Cecily was not happy. The next day would be Easter, and Delia had come over to tell of her new hat.

"It's white, with blue ribbon," she said proudly; "and it is just lovely."

"Oh, dear!" sighed poor Cecily, and she plumped herself down on the cellar door. "I shall have to wear my old one, and I did want that new pink ribbon."

"Well, I would n't have given my eggs to any cross old woman, when I meant to sell them and get the money for my hat," cried Delia.

"But she's sick, Delia," insisted Cecily, softly; "and she is n't really cross, when you get to know her. She is really very nice, and she has beautiful eyes when things make her happy as the pussy-willows did this morning—"

The childish voices floated up and came to the ears of the silent listener overhead, and thus Miss Arethusa heard Delia's indictment and Cecily's defense; she learned that because of her selfish demands little Cecily must go without a new ribbon for her hat, and she heard also that the child had no complaint to

make and only kind words for the one who had deprived her of her coveted treasure.

When, at last, the little girls rambled away she rang her bell for Mrs. Hodges. "Bring me that big box in the bottom of my trunk, Mrs. Hodges, please." And when it was placed at her side, "Now bring me Cecily's old hat." Miss Arethusa's face was aglow with interest.

"I am going to trim it," she said, "with these and these"; and she opened the box and brought out a roll of pink satin ribbon and a wreath of rosebuds.

"I'll put them on with a bit of lace under the brim, and she'll look just sweet," she explained; "the dear, unselfish child!"

"Oh, Miss Arethusa," said Mrs. Hodges, "you don't know half what that hat will mean to Cecily."

"I think I do," said Miss Arethusa, thoughtfully; "and if there were time I would buy a new hat for her; but there is n't, so I'll trim the old one."

But, really, when the broad white hat was wreathed with the rosy blossoms and topped by a bow of shining ribbon, no one could have known that there was anything old about it.

"It's the most beautiful hat that I ever saw," cried the ecstatic Mrs. Hodges. "Oh, Miss Arethusa, how good you are!"

"I think it is Cecily who was good—to give me Blackie's eggs," said Miss Arethusa.

"How did you know?" gasped Mrs. Hodges.

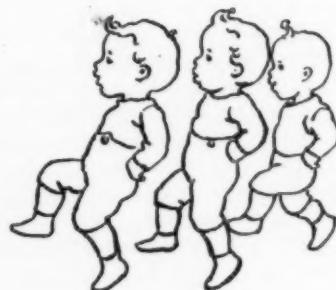
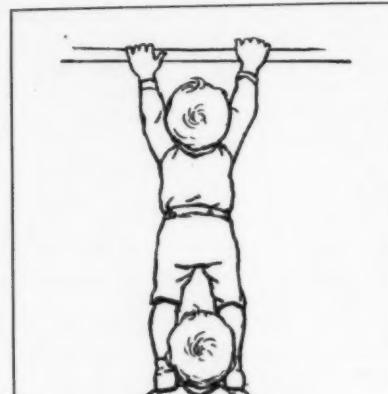
"A little bird told me," smiled Miss Arethusa, nodding gaily at a fat, rusty robin on the apple-tree outside.

"Well, I never!" murmured Mrs. Hodges. "I don't know what Cecily will say."

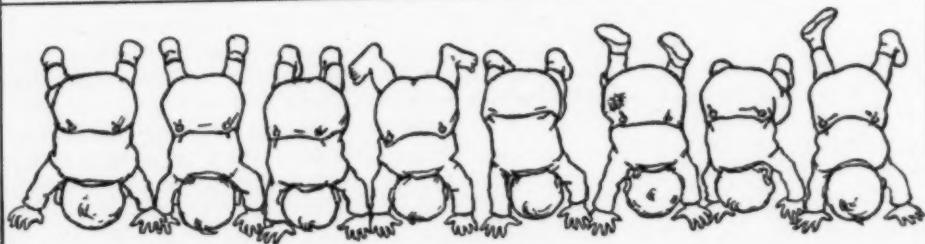
But when, that evening, Miss Arethusa called the little girl in and put the hat on the curly head, Cecily did n't say anything; she simply could n't. She was too blissful for words, so she just put both arms around Miss Arethusa's neck and kissed her; and at the touch of the warm young lips all the coldness in Miss Arethusa's nature seemed to melt, her eyes shown more brightly, and there came to her with the Easter-tide an awakening of health and joy and love.

CIRCUS-TIME.

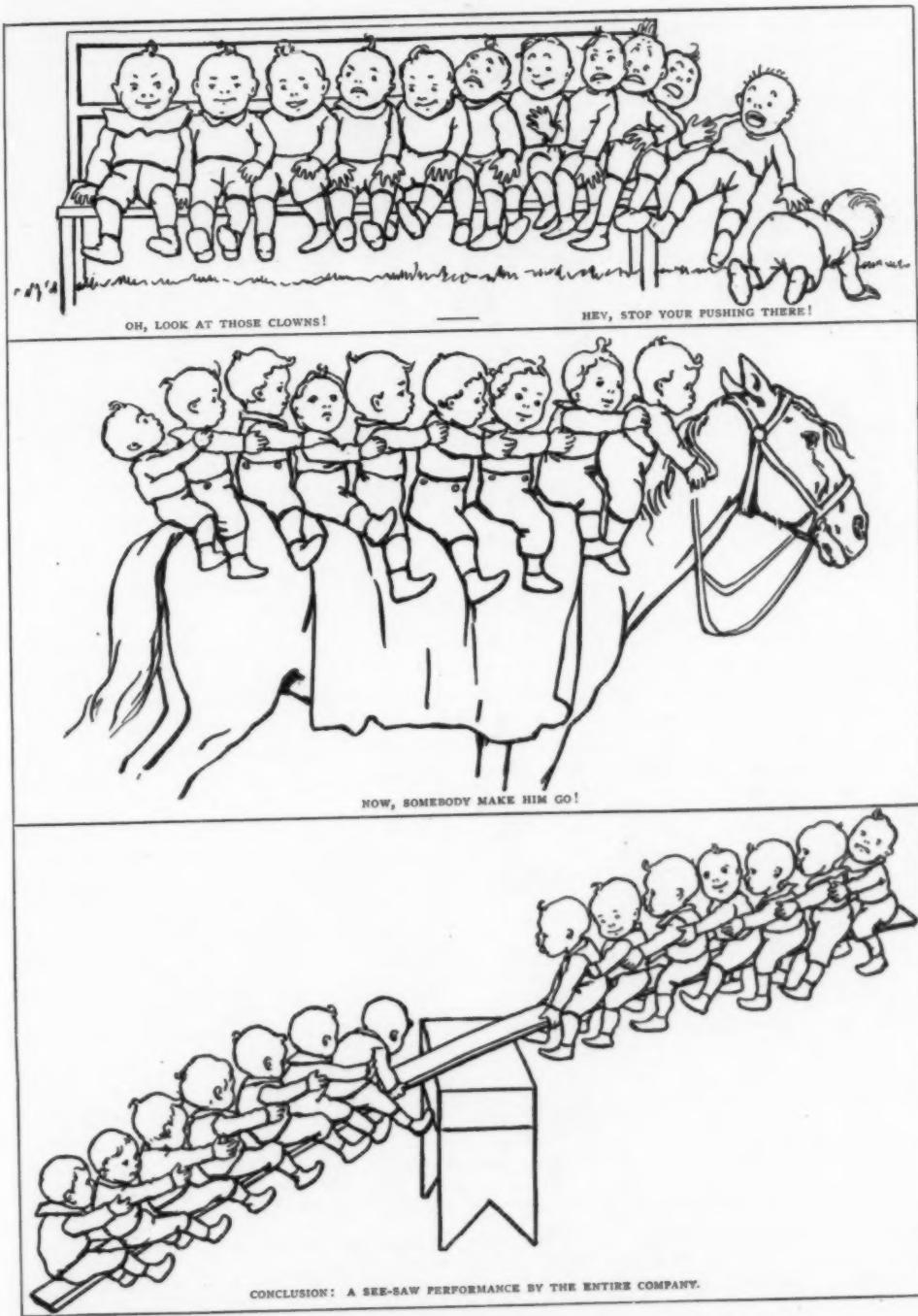
(THE EFFECT ON THE BOYS OF BOYVILLE.)



THE HUMAN PYRAMID.



OH, THIS IS EASY!





THE LITTLE OLD STORY

BY GRACE MAGGOWAN COOKE.

THERE was once a little old man and a little old woman, and they lived in a little old house on a little old farm. They had a little old cow and a little old horse and a little old dog and a little old cat.

One day the little old man dug him a load

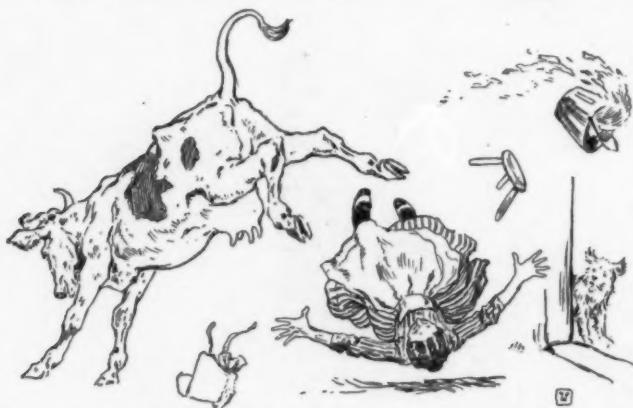
to milk the little old cow. But no sooner had she begun her milking than the little old cow picked up her little old feet and kicked the little old woman over. She was so badly hurt that she could not get up, so she lay on the ground calling to the little old dog, "Tipsy, Tipsy, O Tipsy!"

The little old dog came and walked around the little old woman and knew not what to do. By and by she began saying, "Go for your master, Tipsy! Go for your master, Tipsy!" The little old dog, who was sitting looking at her with his little old tongue hanging out of his little old mouth, trotted off down the road to town.

He found the little old man in a store, where he had just sold his potatoes and was putting his little old pocket-book in his little old pocket.

of potatoes and started off to the little old town to sell them. The little old woman took a little old bucket and went out to the little old barn

"Why, bless me, here 's Tipsy!" the little old man cried when he saw the little old dog.



"SHE PICKED UP HER LITTLE OLD FEET AND KICKED THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN OVER."

Topsy took the little old man's coat-edge quickly drove back to the little old barn, and between his teeth and pulled at it. "Topsy, there she lay, still groaning on the ground.



"TIPSY TOOK THE LITTLE OLD MAN'S COAT-EDGE BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND PULLED AT IT."

Topsy! is there anything wrong at home?" the little old man asked him; and when the little old dog kept on pulling, the little old man ran out to the little old hitching-rail, untied the little old horse, jumped in his little old wagon, and whipped up the little old horse to as fast a trot as he could travel.

When finally he got to his little old house he saw no little old woman anywhere about, so he

The little old man picked up the little old woman in his arms and carried her into the little old house and laid her on the little old lounge. Then they sent for the little old doctor, and he came in his little old buggy with his little old fat gray horse and gave the little old woman a little old pill, so that she was soon well again.

But they all knew that if it had not been for the little old dog the little old wo-



TIPSY.

man might never have got well, so they gave him the best there was in the house to eat; but they sold that little old cow to the little old dairyman, who lived in a little old house back of a little old hill. And every day the little old dog Tipsy would trot down to make a visit to his friend the little old cow.



"HE GAVE THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN A LITTLE OLD PILL."



HOOPLE-TIME HAS COME AGAIN.



A LITTLE FANDANGO.

A QUESTION OF "HEIGHTH."

"WHATH 's thath?" cried Uncle Henry.

Now, as Uncle Henry had never been known to lisp or mispronounce his words, Tommy was much surprised by his curious exclamation. Tommy had remarked of the giant at the circus that "his *heighth* was nearly eight feet."

"If you say *heighth*," continued the uncle, "why not say that his *heighth* was nearly

eight feeth? Yeth, thath 's whath you ought to say to be consistenth. Ith 's evidenth thath you goth 'height' mixed up with 'length,' did n'th you?"

"I suppose so," said the bewildered Tommy.

"Well, do n'th do ith any more. In polithe societhy ith would—"

But Tommy had fled.

Grace Fraser.

AN INDUSTRIOUS Poet

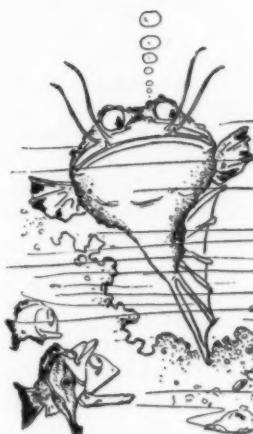
I am writing an ode to the Moon,
And I hope that I'll finish it soon;
I've been pegging away
For a twelve-month to-day,
And I've just got as far as Oh, Moon —

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

An extinct old **ICHTHYOSAURUS**
Once offered to sing in a chorus;
But the rest of the choir
Were obliged to retire.
His voice was so worn and sonorous.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GIANT CATFISH.

By C. F. HOLDER.



A FEW years ago a party of Americans made their way in a trading-schooner up the Essequibo River, in British Guiana, to where the Mazaruni flows into it. From this point the journey was continued in a canoe rowed by a native crew. At a spot fully sixty miles from the mouth of the river, camp was made on a white, sandy beach.

Among a number of curious fishes these American travelers had noticed in the Essequibo was a catfish called by the natives the lanlan; and as several had been seen by them, preparations were made for their capture. A large line about two hundred feet in length was baited with fish and carried out into the stream by a small boat, a crotched stick being thrust into the sand on the beach, to which the line was attached to serve as a telltale, and around this a number of the party sat waiting for a bite.

In a little while there was a sudden jerk, and the line began running out in the hands of one of the Caribs. Twenty or thirty feet of "leeway" were given to the rushing fish, and then several of the men grasped the rapidly stiffening line. As it came taut they braced themselves and jerked the hook into the fish. For a second there was no demonstration; then a violent plunge tore the line from their hands, hurling them upon the sands, and an enormous fish rose bodily out of the water, falling with a thundering crash and darting off at lightning speed. Knowing that when the slack-in was exhausted the line probably would not stand the strain, it was quickly unfastened from the stick and attached to a small canoe, into which several of the fishermen sprang. This was not done a moment too soon, for with a rush the

line straightened out. The boat seemed endeavoring to dive to the bottom, and then away it dashed, hurling the spray high in air behind the invisible steed.

For an eighth of a mile the great fish towed the canoe with undiminished speed, darting here and there among the sand-banks, now turning suddenly to one side, hurling the occupants off their feet and threatening them with constant danger of an upset. The strength of the gamy creature, however, was rapidly failing,



"THE FISH ROSE INTO THE AIR IN A TERRIFIC LEAP, AND FELL UPON THE STERN OF THE BOAT."

and as soon as the speed slackened the men took the line in hand and endeavored to reduce the distance between them; but this resulted only in another furious burst of speed. Finally

the line was torn from the bowman's hand and it slipped over the gunwale, and in a moment the water was pouring into the canoe. The crew rushed to the other side, climbing up, and finally succeeded in shifting the line and averting a catastrophe. The line was again manned and the canoe slowly brought nearer the victim. After a long struggle the black form was seen darting back and forth under the bow. The man at the bow guarded the line closely, keeping it in the notch, while another native stepped forward, and raising a long, three-tined spear, drove it with all his force into the monster. The result was entirely unexpected. Enraged or frightened by this new attack, the fish seemed to pause for a moment, then rose into the air in a terrific leap, and fell upon the stern of the boat, carrying it down under water. As the monster fell, the crew, with the exception of one man, sprang overboard and swam for the shore; but the man in the end of the canoe climbed on the roof of the cabin-like part. As one end of the boat sank, he was lifted high in the air. The fish then, in its terrific struggles, rolled off, and the boat settled, with the terrified native still clinging to his high perch. The fish was now striking the water with its powerful tail, rolling over and over, winding the line

about its body, and giving every evidence of its wonderful strength, and might ultimately have escaped had not the party been followed by another canoe of natives, who, having picked up the swimmers, made for the struggling lanlan. In a few moments several spears and arrows had been sent into it, and it was speedily despatched.

When the sunken canoe was righted it was found to be crushed in on one side. The harpoon lines were made fast to the fish, and it was slowly towed to camp and safely landed on the beach.

As the fish slowly rose and fell on the water behind the line of haulers, it certainly presented a remarkable appearance to our travelers. Nearly thirteen feet in length, it seemed much larger from its extraordinary bulk. The upper surface was a rich greenish-black tint with a silvery white below, the mouth and fins being a rich yellow. Its head, which was large and flat, was protected by a strong bony plate that extended back to the first dorsal fin. But perhaps the most unusual and curious feature was the long, slender barbels, or whiskers, nearly four feet in length, that depended from each side of the mouth, giving the fish an extremely grotesque and forbidding appearance.



THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

BY SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE.

WORK had been going on all day in the sugar-bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling-place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch-bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came up from the swamp.

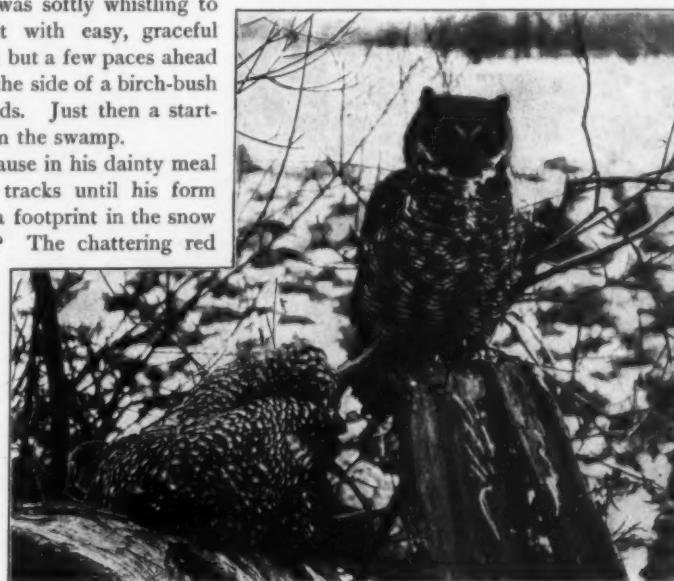
Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree, and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Who - hoo - hoo - wo-hooo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting-call of the Great Horned Owl.

The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the Great Horned Owl. It was now the first week in March. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nest of the bobolink and meadow-lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The

boy stopped for lunch and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well: for, the spring before, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see



A GREAT HORNED OWL AND ITS QUARRY.

what condition it was in after the storms of winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between fifty and sixty feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise, when about thirty feet from the nest, to see a Great Horned Owl silently glide off and wing its way through the tree-tops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the Great Horned Owl had really used the old crows' nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodeled, and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the Great Horned Owl is two,

and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer-looking little birds, seeming to be nearly all head and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest of down.

The young birds grew very slowly, although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits, and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most

distance away. Again the boy tried to approach the bird, but with little better success; however, he succeeded in getting close enough to see the owl walk back and forth on a limb, and ruffle its feathers very much after the fashion of a strutting turkey-cock. This was probably from anger. The bird soon flew, and this time it went so far into the thick hemlocks that it was lost to view. This and other similar circumstances convinced the boy that the Great Horned Owl is not lacking in good eyesight in the daytime.

Everything progressed nicely with the owl family, but the boy desired very much to know

the methods that these powerful birds employed in hunting, and how they located their quarry. Not far from the nest, in an open part of the swamp, stood a solitary old stub, some eighty feet in height, and holding aloft from its barkless and whitened trunk a solitary branch. The position of this former monarch of the forest commanded a good view over the trout-stream, on the one side, and, on the other, over a small pond which contained numerous forms of animal life.



PROVISIONS FOR THE DAY.

of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from twelve to fifteen days, and the woodcock, bob-white, and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.

During all this time the boy saw very little of the parent birds, which was a great disappointment. It did not take him long to discover that the owls could see in the bright light as well as himself, if not better. This was another blow to his early knowledge, for he had always been told that owls could not see in the daytime. One day he approached the nesting-tree very cautiously, but the old bird on the nest was also watchful, and, discovering him, flew into a small cluster of hemlocks some little

The boy was well acquainted with the old stub, and knew its possibilities both as a home and a watch-tower for the feathered tribe. Within its walls the flicker and the hairy wood-pecker had drilled and nested; here, also, in winter, the screech-owl found a shelter and home from the fierce storms that swept over the swamp; from its branch, in summer, the rattle of the belted kingfisher could be heard; and, perched on the summit of the broken shaft, the "hen hawk" would locate a mouse in the grass or, perchance, a sleepy old frog at the water's edge.

The sun had already set at the close of a beautiful spring day when the boy found him-



self, a little distance above the old stub, on the trout-brook, stringing the last speckled beauty, preparatory to going home. Suddenly the stillness was broken by an ominous cry that reverberated through the forest and echoed and reechoed from the neighboring hills. The hollow sound seemed to vibrate the gathering gloom as it sounded across the pasture, and caused the boy to listen intently, for he knew it to be the hunting-call of the Great Horned Owl. The boy said to himself, "He will soon be at the old stub watch-tower, and I will catch him in the act of pouncing on his prey."

Cautiously he approached and surveyed the old stub, as it stood silhouetted against the sky above the near tree-tops, but not a sign of the owl was to be seen. Quietly he concealed himself, waiting, watching, and listening to the different wood folk that might be astir. Near by he heard the twitter of an uneasy bird, the squeak of a mouse, the scurry of fast-flying feet on the dead leaves, and the splash of the muskrats playing in a pool of the creek. These sounds were ever sweet music in his ear, but his thoughts were of the Great Horned Owl and



THREE STAGES OF RUFFLED INDIGNATION. THE OWL RUFFLES ITS FEATHERS FROM ANGER, AS A TURKEY-COCK DOES.

its hunting. A red squirrel had discovered him and came upon a branch overhead, chattering and scolding as usual; and for an instant the boy turned his gaze upon the squirrel, then back again to the stub. During that brief moment, as silent as though borne on the wings of night, a *something* had added to the height of the old stub a foot or more, and slightly changed the outline, though it seemed as silent as before.

As the darkness deepened, the sounds from the wood folk grew more numerous, but ears accustomed to them gave little heed. "Who-hoo-hoo-wh-o-o!" sounded again, very close this time, and startled even the watcher of the old stub. Instantly all sounds that were audible to the boy ceased from the wood folk, except the distant hoarse *quawk* of the night-heron. The owl's ears must have been more delicate, for before the echoes of that terrible hunting-call had died away what appeared to be a part of the stub took wings and silently swept into some tall grass close by a clump

of bushes. The bird emerged, a few moments later, with a rabbit in its talons, and winged its way toward the owls' nest.

The boy had seen the Great Horned Owl at its hunting.

After the young owls left the nest the hunting-call was less frequently heard; but again in the autumn and through the winter it occasionally sounded from the swamp. For years the owls nested near the swamp, obtaining their food from the wild life existing about, and occasionally feasting upon a chicken or young turkey from the surrounding farms.

mounted specimens, but finally dropped all this for the harmless instrument—*the camera*.

After years of work and dozens of negatives had been made of wild birds and mammals in their native haunts, there were none of the Great Horned Owl. This may be accounted for by the natural shyness and nocturnal habits of the bird. You may tramp the woods for many a day and not see a Great Horned Owl, much less produce a photograph of one. But patience usually is rewarded, and that sometimes in a very unexpected way.

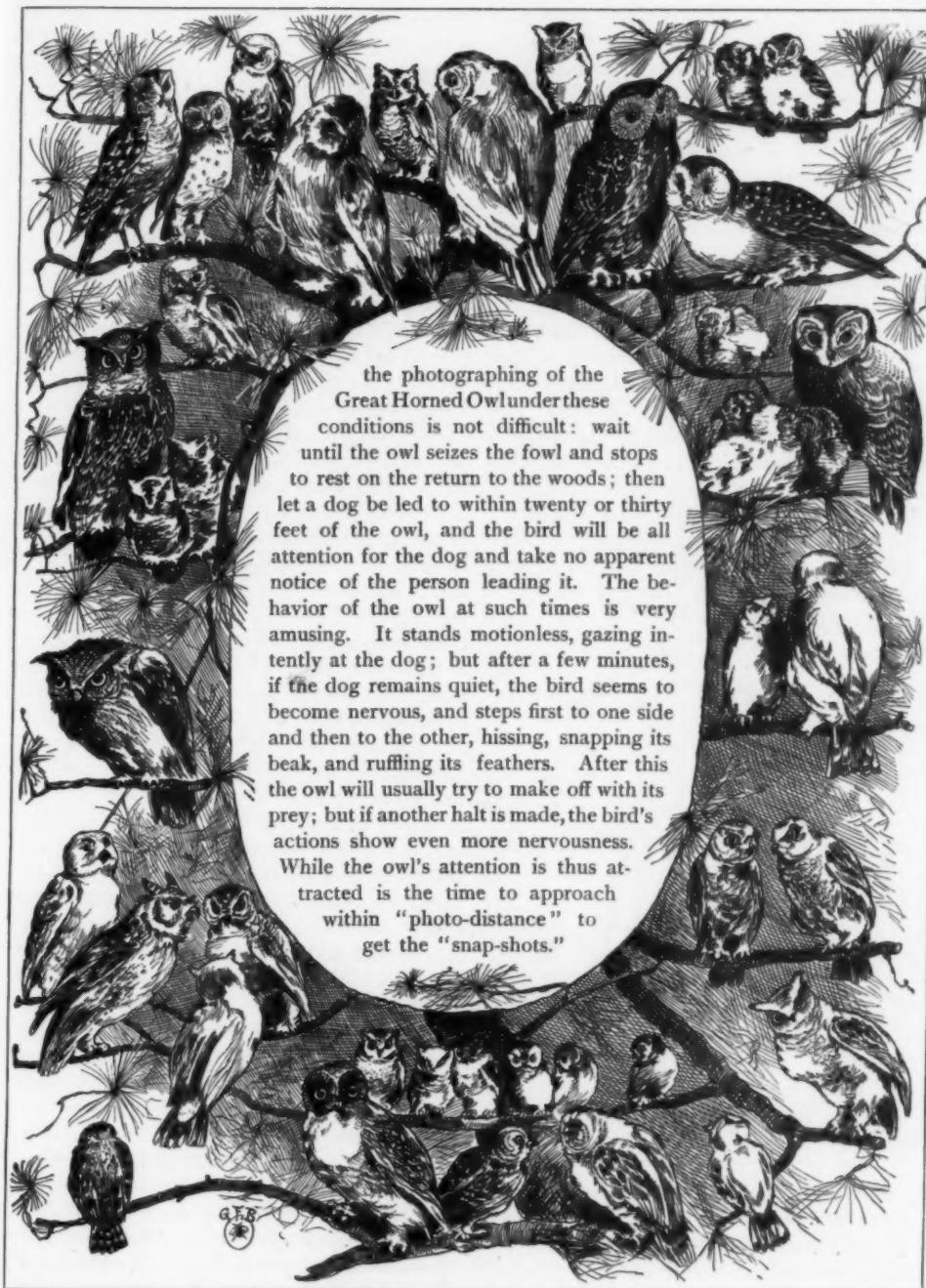
The Great Horned Owl, when once in the habit of visiting a certain farm building for the purpose of carrying off poultry, becomes very bold and daring. The same is true of some of our hawks that have been known to fly within a few feet of a man and pounce upon and carry off a chicken. Owls usually make their visits in the night; but occasionally during the winter, when food is scarce, they form the habit of visiting the farm-yard in the day-time. Immediately upon the capture of the fowl, the owl retreats to the woods; but, its load being heavy, it stops to rest sometimes upon the broad rail of a fence or log, or even upon the ground. At such times the owl



THE WHITE CROSS IN THE UPPER LEFT CENTER OF THE PICTURE SHOWS THE OPENING IN A CLIFF IN WHICH A GREAT HORNED OWL NESTED FOR SEVERAL SEASONS.

During these years the boy studied the animals about him whenever an opportunity presented itself. He tramped and trapped as the seasons changed, and never seemed to grow weary of his chosen pastime. However, he was changing and did not know it, for the savage was giving place to the humane. He passed through the usual stages of trap and gun, made various collections of nests, eggs, and

plainly shows its nature by holding to the fowl even when followed. When such stops are made, with a little careful maneuvering the owl may be approached near enough to be photographed. From early experience it was learned that a man on horseback could ride under a tree where there was a crow or a hawk without disturbing the bird. The Great Horned Owl may also be fascinated by a dog. And



THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

SIXTH PAPER.

WINDMILLS AND WEATHER-VANES.

A WINDMILL AND TOWER.

THE windmill and tower shown in Fig. 1 can, by any smart boy, be made of wood, an old buggy-wheel, and a few iron fittings that a blacksmith will make at a nominal cost.

The tower is the first thing to make, and it should be constructed of four spruce sticks 16



FIG. 1. A WINDMILL AND TOWER.

feet long and 4 inches square — 30 inches square at the top and 72 inches square at the base. The platform is 36 inches square and projects 2 inches over the top rails all around. The rails and cross-braces are of spruce or pine strips 4

inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, and are attached to the corner posts with steel-wire nails. The corner posts are embedded two feet in the ground, having fourteen feet of tower above the surface. The rail at the bottom, attached to the four posts, is three feet above the ground, and, midway between this and the top rail under the platform, a middle rail is run around the posts. The cross-braces are beveled at the ends so they will fit snugly against the corner posts and in behind the rails, where they are securely nailed to both posts and rails. One of the corner posts, with its binding of rails and cross-braces, is shown at B in Fig. 2.

At a wagon-shop an old buggy-wheel can be had for little or nothing, and may easily be converted into the frame of a windmill. Each spoke used is to be cut at an angle on one side so that the blades, when attached to them, will have the necessary pitch to make the wind act on them. This can be seen at A in Fig. 2, which is an edge view of the wheel, showing a top, bottom, and middle blade. The blades are 18 inches long, 12 inches wide at the outer end, and 6 inches in width next the hub; they are $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick and are attached to the spokes with screws. If it is found necessary, a wire can be run from the outer end of each blade to the end of the next spoke to steady the blades, as shown in the illustration. The crank and shaft can be arranged as described for the pumping-mill on the next page. A fantail to keep the

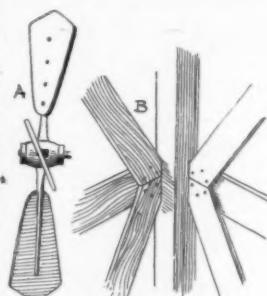


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF WINDMILL.

wheel into the wind is made in proportion to the size of the mill.

A PUMPING WINDMILL.

A SIMPLE wheel, with spokes and sails, that is commonly employed on canal-boats and barges,

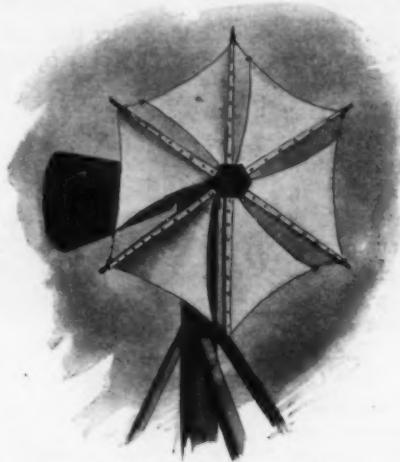


FIG. 3. A PUMPING WINDMILL.

and in a small way for raising water in a suction-pump, is shown in Fig. 3. The hub is a hexagon of 6 inches side and 6 inches long, so that one spoke can be driven into a hole made in opposite sides, as shown at I in Fig. 4. The spokes are 3 feet long, 3 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the hub end, and 1 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the outer end, and they are driven snugly into holes in the hub and nailed to hold them in place. Triangular pieces of twilled muslin sheeting are tacked to the face of each spoke, and the loose corner of each is caught to the next spoke-end. The wheel is held in place to the head of the supporting post by a shaft which passes through the hub and is bolted fast at the front of it with a nut. A blacksmith will make this shaft, which is shown in the upper portion of Fig. 4. It is an inch square where it passes through the hub, and at the front end it is threaded and provided with a nut and washer, while at the end of the square part, A, or where the rear of the hub will stop, a shoulder, B, should be welded on to hold the hub in the proper place. Weld two other shoulders at

C and C. The total length of the shaft is 15 inches, and the crank has a 2-inch drop. The head to which the fantail is attached is made of two blocks cut as shown at H in Fig. 4, and fastened 5 inches apart. The upper ends of the blocks are cut out so as to admit the shaft, and so that the collars CC are at the inside of the blocks; and, to hold the shaft in place, straps of iron are screwed fast over the top of each block. This head rests on the top of a trunk or hollow square post, down through which the rod passes that connects the crank with the piston-rod of a pump. The trunk is of three-quarter-inch wood and 7 inches square, as shown at F; and at the top of it a flat iron collar, D, is screwed fast. To keep the head in the proper place, four iron cleats, G, are screwed fast to the under corners of the head to grip the projecting edge of the collar at the under side.

The top of the connecting-rod can be attached to the crank, as shown in J, where a strap of iron, E, passes over the crank and is bolted to the top of the hard-wood rod.



FIG. 4. DETAILS OF THE PUMPING WINDMILL.

The tail is attached to the head, as shown at J, and is 33 inches long, 24 inches wide at the rear end, and is made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch boards.

If the mill is to be placed over a pump, a platform can be erected to which the trunk may be braced with props.

To start the wheel, fasten the ends of the sheets to the spoke-ends; and, to stop it, untie them and furl the sails around the spokes.

A BARREL-HOOP PINION-WHEEL.

THE barrel-hoop will measure about 21 inches in diameter, and the hub should be made 5

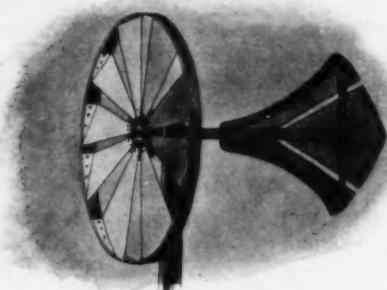


FIG. 5. A BARREL-HOOP PINION-WHEEL.

inches in diameter, 2 inches thick, and cut in, as shown in Fig. 6 A, with nine places to receive the small ends of the metal blades. The hub revolves on a pin driven into a block of wood 3 inches square. As shown at B in Fig. 6, a hole is made in the block, from top to bottom, through which a half-inch rod will pass. The rails that support the tail are let into each side of the block and securely fastened with screws.

The fan-rails are 24 inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, made of ash or hickory that will bend easily, so as to be drawn in against the blades forming the tail. The tin blades (they may be made of galvanized sheet-iron if desired) are cut 5 inches wide at one end and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the other, and fastened to both the hub and tail with tacks, as shown in Fig. 5. In case the boy cannot easily divide the hub into nine equal parts, he may make the wheel with eight blades, for every boy can draw a regular octagon.

The blades forming the fan are of half-inch



FIG. 6. DETAILS OF THE ABOVE.

wood, one V-shaped piece and two end slats, cut as shown in Fig. 5, all held in position with the two rails that extend back from the pinion-block, and two that are set at right angles to them, and which hold the upper and lower edge blades.

PINION-WHEEL WEATHER-VANE.

PUNCH a small hole in the center of a sheet of tin or iron not less than 10 inches square, and with a lead-pencil compass draw a circle 10 inches in diameter, and half an inch inside of this another one 9 inches in diameter, as indicated by the light lines in Fig. 8. One inch from the center draw another circle, making it 2 inches in diameter; then divide the smaller of the two outer circles into eight equal parts. With a cold-chisel cut on the lines as indicated by the heavy lines of Fig. 8, and bend the metal ears so that the corners will set back an inch from the rim. With a stout pair of shears cut around the outside line, and free the wheel from the sheet of metal. At the front of the wheel fasten a spool with steel-wire nails driven through the tin and into the spool to act as a hub; then give them both a coat or two of paint.

Make a shaft from hard wood 20 inches long and one inch square, and cut it in from

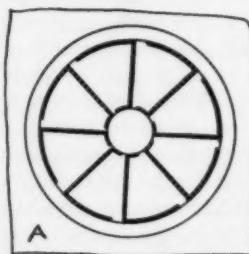


FIG. 8. DETAILS OF PINION-WHEEL WEATHER-VANE.

one end about 10 inches (see B in Fig. 8). At the other end bind the wood for an inch or two

with linen line or fine wire to prevent its splitting, and bore a hole in the end with an awl. Through the spool and disk, and into the hole in the shaft, drive a flat-headed steel-wire nail or a screw $\frac{1}{16}$ inch in diameter to act as the axle on which the wheel will revolve. From light wood, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, cut a fantail 7 inches wide at one end and tapering to 2 at the other, and, having passed it through the cut in the shaft, make it fast with small nails or screws.

A WIND-TURBINE.

THE wind-turbine shown in Fig. 9 is made of two hooples about 30 inches in diameter, four cross-sticks, two wire hoops, and eight V-shaped tin blades. The cross-sticks are cut and lapped at the middle and attached to the edge of

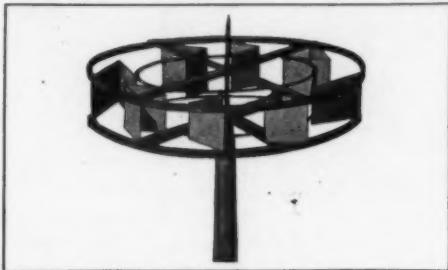


FIG. 9. A WIND-TURBINE.

each hoop with screws or nails. The wire hoops are 22 inches in diameter, and are fastened to the cross-sticks with staples, as shown in

Fig. 10. The outer corners of each blade are tacked fast to both the upper and lower hoop, while the inner corners are wired fast to the stout wire hoop. The blades are made from tin or sheet-iron

12 inches long and 6 inches wide, and when bent in the shape of a V, the width across the open end should be 4 inches. The blades are depended upon to hold the upper and lower frames in place.

An interesting modification of this is to have a weather-vane or wind-pennant attached to the

vertical rod about which the turbine revolves. If a shoulder be provided on the vertical shaft about 2 inches from the turbine, another turbine to revolve in the opposite direction can be used on the same standard. To do this the metal vanes will have to be bent and fastened in the opposite direction.

A WIND-SPEEDER.

FOR this take two hard-wood sticks 30 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square, cut at the middle so that they lap, and with steel nails attach them to a hub $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick and 3 inches in diameter, in the center of which a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole is bored. The end of each stick or arm is cut in to receive the neck of a common kitchen tin funnel, and the funnels are held in place by a strap of tin passed around each neck and tacked fast to the top and bottom of each stick. With a sharp-pointed awl or punch a small hole is made through the strap and neck, and a long, slim steel nail is driven through the tin and into the end of the sticks to give the funnels an additional purchase. Care must be taken in driving the nail not to crush the neck. It will be found convenient to insert a plug of wood in the funnel's neck before punching the nail hole. This apparatus is shown in Fig. 11.

To reduce the friction, a large, flat washer should be attached to the wood with copper tacks driven closely all around the outer edge; and before the speeder is slipped over the up-



FIG. 10.
DETAIL OF WIND-TURBINE.



FIG. 11. A WIND-SPEEDER.

right pin, a short piece of small gas-pipe or tubing should be placed over it so that it will rest between the hub and the top of the pole. Place a wooden ball on the end of the rod.

A WHIRLIGIG.

A WHIRLIGIG, similar in construction to the wind-speeder of funnels, is shown in Fig. 12.

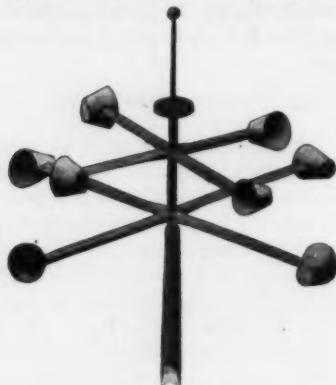


FIG. 12. A WHIRLIGIG.

Cups and arms are arranged on one rod to move in an opposite direction from that of the others. A piece of loose tubing is slipped over the vertical rod to separate the upper and lower arms.

A BALL-VANE IN A BASKET.

AN odd wind-indicator is shown in Fig. 13. It consists of a flat basket, 24 inches in diameter, with a rim 6 inches high, made of wire cloth,

inside of which a silk or cotton covered ball of wire is blown to the side of the basket and kept there by the wind.

The basket is supported at the top of a pole by wires attached from the upper and lower edges of the outer rim, and leading up and down; the ends are made fast to staples or screw-eyes.



FIG. 13. A BALL-VANE IN A BASKET.

The ball, which is made of wire hoops and fastened together with fine light spring brass wires, can be from 4 to 6 inches in diameter. It is covered with silk or thin muslin in the manner in which a base-ball is covered with leather. The ball must be perfectly round.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

DOUBLE sets of braces or cross-strips are arranged inside a hoople, and where they meet at the middle laps are cut in the sticks so that they will fit flush, as shown in Fig. 15. The sticks are placed 7 inches apart and are $\frac{5}{8}$ inch square; and under the lap-joints a plate of wood 9 inches square is attached by means of screws or steel-wire nails to strengthen the

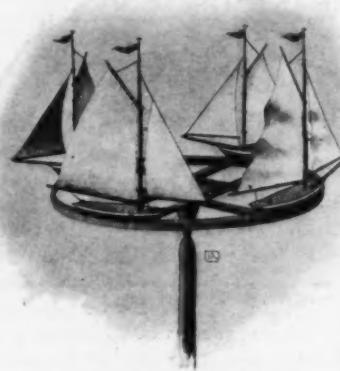


FIG. 14. A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

unions of the cross-sticks as well as to make a platform, at the under side of which the hub is arranged.

Flat, rigged boats 10 inches long and 3 inches wide at the middle are screwed fast in the positions as shown in Fig. 14.

A block of wood 4 or 5 inches square and 6 inches long is to be shaved round at one end and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. This is attached to the under side of the plate at the middle of the hoople frame, so that the small end projects down, and through it a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hole is bored. An iron pin $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and 18 inches long is to be driven in the upper end of a post, over which the hub and hoople frame will fit. The upper end of the iron pin is threaded and provided with two nuts, one to

be screwed down tight on the other to act as what mechanics call a lock-nut, so that the revo-

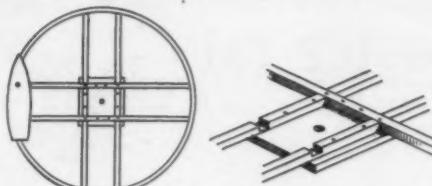


FIG. 15. DETAILS OF MERRY-GO-ROUND.

lution of the merry-go-round will not tighten or loosen them when screwed to the right place.

The rigging is of copper wire (or galvanized-iron wire), and the sails are of cloth or painted tin.

WOODEN VANES.

IN Figs. 16 and 17 some suggestions are given that can be followed with the scroll-saw and jack-knife, or with a compass-saw and carving-

vertical rod is to support them, and have the greatest overhang on the side opposite to that facing the wind, otherwise they would not indicate properly. A ring and washer should be provided on the rod for the bottom of the vane to rest on, as there would be too much friction if the vanes rested on the top ends of the poles into which the rods are driven unless the poles were tapered off almost to a point.

The arrow weather-vane shown in Fig. 17 can be from 24 to 30 inches long, with the blade from 5 to 6 inches in width.

WIND-PENNANT.

THE weather-vane shown in Fig. 18, known as a wind-pennant, consists of a metal hoop, on which a funnel-shaped silk or cotton fabric pennant is sewed fast, and when it is filled by a breeze it stands out, as the illustration shows. A pennant 15 inches long should have a hoop

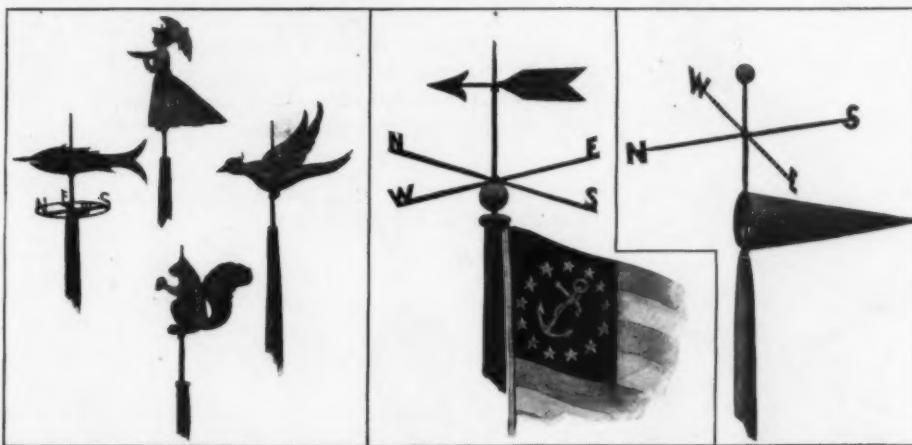


FIG. 16. CARVED WOODEN WEATHER-VANES.

FIG. 17. AN ARROW WEATHER-VANE.

FIG. 18. A WIND-PENNANT.

chisels. These vanes can be made in almost any size that will not be out of proportion to the building or pole they may be mounted on.

The lady with the parasol is cut from wood half an inch in thickness. She is 15 inches high and 12 inches wide across the bottom of the skirt. A staple is driven at one side of the vane, top, and bottom, through which the rod will pass; it will be at one side of the lady instead of running through the wood block.

Balance the vanes to determine where the

5 inches in diameter, and it can be made either from wire or sheet-metal, as shown at D and E in Fig. 19. This form of wind-indicator is very



FIG. 19. DETAILS OF WIND-PENNANT.

sensitive, especially when it is made of light flag bunting, which is better than cotton or silk.



The plaster cat

By VALENTINE ADAMS.



WHEN I was as little as some of you are
I had something to keep for my own—
The most beautiful thing that the dream-man could bring,
In the loveliest dream ever known.

It was white, with black streaks (that came off on my cheeks
When I hugged it too hard in warm weather);
Its collar was red, its smile was well bred,
And we were so happy together.

I 'm coming to that—'t was a great plaster cat,
Oh, almost as big as myself!
At night she was placed on a chair near my bed,
And daytimes she lived on a shelf.

'T was a very sad day when the shelf it gave way,
And she fell on the carpet and died.



I saved all the pieces, and more than a week,
Off and on and between meals, I cried.

'T was a long time ago, as maybe you know,
But I 'm still hoping, sometime or other,
By searching the shops where they sell plaster cats,
I may possibly find me another.

But there 's always a something that all of them lack;
They never are quite to my mind;
For either the spots are too big and too black,
Or the smile 's not exactly refined.

And if smile and if spot are correct,—but they 're not,—
It is sure to be true, I have found,
That the claws are all wrong and the paws are not right,
Or the cat is too long or too round.



THE REAL CAUSE OF THE COAL STRIKE.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH SATTERIE.

THE glowing sun was streaming into my school-room one bright November morning in the year of grace 1902. The golden rays flooded the room, darkening the fire in the stove, but brightening the old desks and well-worn chairs and benches, and rested lovingly, caressingly, on the dusky heads of the dark-eyed sons of young Italy assembled in the room. Young Italy, truly, although many of them were New Yorkers by birth, their birthplaces being in the immediate neighborhood, Thompson or Sullivan Street. In no class of children does the foreign parentage claim its own so markedly as in the descendants of southern Italy.

My class of boys (young street arabs, there is no disguising that) were having their morning lesson in spelling. The word "coal" was given out, and then followed the usual exercise of giving sentences using the word just spelled. "Telling stories about the word" the children call this exercise. During this story-telling process, of course the subject of the coal strike inevitably came up for discussion. The boys came out strongly on that theme, telling me eagerly, in their picturesque newsboy jargon, the awful results which they knew would arise from the scarcity of coal. Pasquale informed me in solemn tones that he feared there would not be a fence left standing, adding in almost tearful earnestness: "Then, Miss Satterie, the theayters can't put up their posters!"

Exclamations of horror followed this harrowing statement.

Giovanni added his fears in a ghostly whisper: "If the strike keeps up we won't have any desks and benches left in the school-rooms!"

This sad possibility was received with miti-

gated grief. Evidently the youngsters considered burning the desks and benches not nearly so great a calamity as destroying the fences which held the glaring theatrical posters prized by the Italian lads.

Antonio then suggested a probability that no one could wear shoes after a while, as we should be obliged to use all shoes for fuel.

Luigi, with a sorrowful shake of his head, broke the sad news to my listening ears that a "feller" had told him all the doors and the window-frames and the entire inside of houses would be used in place of the much-wished-for coal. Luigi then sadly prophesied that we should all be obliged to live in tents.

A calm meditative mood settled upon the boys for about five seconds. Then Francesco bent forward. His beautiful black eyes had lost all their wicked mischief, and in its place was a serious look that greatly enhanced their beauty. He said: "Miss Satterie, I know just why we had this *coal* strike."

Thinking I was going to hear the opinion of a young anarchist, I said: "Well, Francesco, why *did* we have the strike?"

The boy's voice became almost sepulchral as he made the following astonishing statement: "The whole blame of the strike is on Adam and Eve, because, you see, if they had n't done wrong everybody would have had *everything* for *nothing*. We would have had cakes and pies and shoes and clothes and books and desks and even *coal*, and not pay one cent for *anything*."

As I was as ignorant as the boys themselves were of the real cause of the coal strike, I allowed the blame to rest upon Adam and Eve.





DAVID ERICSON.

ROLLER-SKATE TIME IN KITTENVILLE.

KALISTA WISEFELLOW.

BY MARY C. DILLON.

II. KALISTA'S QUEER LITTLE DOLLS.

THAT was the nicest old garden in the world. It sloped down from the house to the west, and the slope in front of the house was all soft green grass with winding paths through it, and beautiful rose-bushes on both sides of the paths.

And half-way down the slope there were two big cherry-trees that bore lovely red-and-white May-hearts. And one of these trees belonged to Theodora and Kalista and was called the "girls' cherry-tree," and the other belonged to their brothers Achilles and Hector, and this

one was called the "boys' cherry-tree." Kalista was n't quite big enough to climb the girls' tree, but Theodora was, and she would throw down beautiful bunches to Kalista standing under the tree and looking up at her. And then the boys would call to her from *their* tree to come and get the beautiful bunches *they* threw down for her, and it kept her so busy running from one tree to the other that she did n't eat enough cherries to hurt her.

A little farther down the slope was a great linden-tree, taller than the high college buildings. It made a cool green shade all around

it, and Kalista loved to play under it in the bright spring days when the older children were all away at school. Mama did not like to have her go so far away as "Fairy Home," down at the foot of the garden; but under the linden-tree mama could see her from the window, and so, if Janie was busy in the house, Kalista would often spend the whole long lovely morning all by herself under the linden.

There was no lack of amusement for her there. She never went out without Miss Betty. Miss Betty was a doll that mama had made her out of a towel rolled up. Mama drew beautiful curly hair around her face, and lovely large dark eyes, and *such* a smiling mouth! And she had pretty red cheeks and lips, made by wetting a red wafer and rubbing it on them. Miss Betty went into the wash-tub every week, and had to have a new face every time she came out. But that only made her all the more interesting, for the faces were never quite alike; and as mama improved with practice, Miss Betty grew prettier and prettier as she grew older, which was very much like her little mama.

So Kalista and Miss Betty played all the morning under the linden. Kalista made houses for Miss Betty, sometimes on the rustic seat that stood under the tree, and sometimes on the green grass.

She found beautiful bits of broken china and glass, some of them with pretty painted flowers on them, and these made lovely dishes. She had such nice things to put in her dishes, too: things that were really good to eat and that both Miss Betty and Kalista were very fond of. Sometimes it was cherries that she found on the grass under the trees; sometimes it was big, juicy strawberries from the strawberry-bed; sometimes it was pretty bunches of fragrant raspberries that she picked from the alley of berry-bushes that ran down the middle of the garden; or sometimes it was red currants that grew on the big bush by the fence.

But there were two things that Kalista and Miss Betty used to have on their bits of broken china that they liked better than all the rest. One was the nuts that grew on the linden-tree

— "California filberts" they called them. They were so tiny and round, just the right size for a doll to eat; and when Kalista cracked open the soft, green shell with her sharp little teeth, there was a sweet black kernel inside just about as big as the head of a pin, but very delicious, Kalista thought. The other thing they liked best was the little round "cakes of butter," as Kalista called them, that grew on the wild mallows. They



"SO KALISTA AND MISS BETTY PLAYED ALL THE MORNING
UNDER THE LINDEN."

were all done up in tiny green napkins like the beautiful cakes of butter the farmer brought mama every Wednesday and Saturday. They had n't a pretty cow stamped on them, as the farmer's butter had, but they had little rings all round the edge that made Kalista think of the tiny pearl buttons on papa's shirt. Kalista did n't like to eat them very well, they were so smooth and slippery, but Miss Betty was *very* fond of them.

It was one warm morning in July, when the older children were all away on a picnic, and

Kalista and Miss Betty, as usual, were keeping house under the linden. Mama and Janie were both very busy. Janie was helping cook with the raspberry jam, and mama was taking care of baby Ernest and trying to do a little sewing at the same time. Baby was fretful that morning: his teeth were beginning to trouble him; and so it happened that mama did not look out of the window in a long time. When she did look out, she saw Miss Betty lying face down on the rustic seat and Kalista nowhere to be seen. She was not very much alarmed at that; she thought very likely Kalista had gone to hunt some raspberries or wild mallows for dinner. She was only a little surprised that she had not taken Miss Betty with her. She looked out again in a few minutes, and when she saw Miss Betty still lying there, and no Kalista, she thought she had better send Janie to hunt her up.

Janie went down through the long rows of currants and raspberries and gooseberries, calling, "Kalis-tah! oh, Kalista!" expecting to come upon the little figure hidden by a tall bush and busily stuffing berries into her small mouth. But there was no Kalista. Then she went down to Fairy Home and looked behind all the locust bushes, still calling, but still no Kalista. Then she went through the Lima beans, trained on poles higher than Janie's head, and that would have made a tall forest for Kalista, but she was not there. Then she went through the corn, and its long green leaves rustled so in the soft July breeze, and its ripening tassels kept nodding at her with such a knowing air, that several times she was sure Kalista was there. She even thought she heard her moving about and whispering to some one as if she were trying to hide, but Kalista was not there. Then she went through the long grape-arbor. The grape-vine grew so heavily over it, and hung down so low at each end, that it was quite dark in there and made a very good hiding-place indeed, but Kalista was not there. Then she did n't know where to look, except in the shed and in the chicken-house.

The LEARNED PROFESSOR was very fond of raising chickens and ducks and turkeys, and he had built very nice comfortable chicken-

houses, with a nice chicken-yard all shut in by a high lattice fence, and with a long shed leading down to it from the kitchen door.

Sometimes Kalista liked to go down there to see the dear little chickens that looked like little yellow balls, but Janie hardly thought she was there now, for she was sure, if she was, she would be chasing the little chickens, and the hens would be making a great noise and fuss. It was all very quiet in the chicken-yard, but still Janie went to look, and, just as she supposed, Kalista was not there.

Then Janie went into the house and told Mrs. Wisefellow that Kalista was n't anywhere in the garden, and she thought she must have run away over to the Coltons. Kalista did not often run away, but she had done so once or twice when somebody had left the big gate ajar. Whenever that had happened, mama had talked to Kalista so seriously, telling her how very, *very* naughty it was to run away, that Kalista had looked very solemn and very repentant and promised never to do so again. Now, mama felt very sorry, indeed, that her dear little girl had been so naughty, and she sent Janie right over to Mrs. Colton's to bring her home. But Mrs. Colton said Kalista had not been there at all, and then all of a sudden she said: "Why, where's Johnny? I have n't seen him for a long time."

Then everybody began to hunt for Johnny, and when he was nowhere to be found, everybody said they must have run away together.

Mrs. Colton hurried over to Mrs. Wisefellow's to see what was the best thing to do. Cook had left her jam in the kitchen, and was just sitting down to rest a moment, with her hands on her knees and an anxious scowl on her face, when Mrs. Colton said that they could n't find Johnny, either, and she was afraid they were both lost. Then very suddenly cook spoke, and she was so excited that she rose up suddenly and her hands went right up in the air.

"Shure, ma'am, what a shtupid I am! I mind all about it now. Did n't I see the two little dears, the best part of an hour ago, trudging down the hill in the back yard, a-holding each other's hand like two little angels? And did n't I say, when I saw them, 'Bless their swate little hearts, what are they up to now?' And did n't

I go and clane forgit everything about it till this blessed minute, like the born idjut I am!"

Cook would have liked to go on scolding herself, but no one stopped to listen. Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Wisefellow, and Janie all started for the back yard at once, and Cook went back to her jam, which was in great danger of burning. Two of the kitchen windows looked out on the back yard, and she could stir her jam and also watch whatever was going on at the same time.

The back yard was a long, narrow yard, all green grass, — just a long green hill stretching from the kitchen windows to the street. There were high hedges along two of its sides that shut it off from the street and the campus, and on the third side the long shed and the chicken-house and a high lattice fence with blackberries trained over it shut it off from the front yard. A little door opened into it from the chicken-house.

If you wanted to get into the back yard, you had to go through a door in the shed that was usually kept carefully shut so that the chickens could n't get through into the front yard. But somebody must have left the door open on that particular morning, for the latch was so high that neither Kalista nor Johnny could quite reach it.

When Mrs. Colton and Mrs. Wisefellow and Janie passed through the shed gate into the back yard, they could see clear to the end of the yard, but they saw no Kalista or Johnny. There was only one place in the whole yard where they could be hidden, and that was in the farther corner.

Now when the LEARNED PROFESSOR had come to live at the COLLEGE, many years before, there had been a big earth-heap in that corner. But the hollyhocks had been growing for years over this mound, and had spread until all that corner of the yard was a forest of hollyhocks. They grew up tall and straight, in ranks one above the other, on the earth-heap, like tall green soldiers standing very stiff and carrying banners of white and pink and yellow and deep red.

That's what Kalista thought they looked like at a distance, but when she got close up to them

the banners turned into beautiful flowers,

and when you picked them off without any stem and tied a piece of grass around them they made the *loveliest* dolls. They had cunning little green hats on their heads, and their dresses were just the softest and prettiest silk, all scalloped around the bottom.

Mama and Mrs. Colton and Janie hurried down the long, hot hill, and when they got among the hollyhocks they found it cool and shady there. There were little winding paths through them, and each one took a different



"ON THE GRASS SAT
KALISTA AND JOHN-
NY, BUSY WITH
THEIR PLAY."

path, and all came out at the same place—a little plat of green grass on top of the mound, with the tallest of the hollyhocks growing all around it.

On the grass sat Kalista and Johnny, and between them they had set a table of broken bits of china piled up with berries andmallows and California filberts. On each side of the table was a row of beautiful hollyhock dolls, and they were so busy with their play they did not hear any footsteps.

But, at last, Kalista and Johnny looked up quickly and saw the three faces peeping at

them between the broad green leaves. Kalista clapped her hands with delight and shouted :

“ Tome, mama, and see our pitty house and our pitty dollies ! ”

But Johnny's eyes dropped, and he got very red. He knew he had run away from home, and he knew that was very naughty.

His mama had quite forgotten for a moment that he had run away and frightened her very much; but as soon as she saw his guilty little face she stopped laughing, and said, “ Come, Johnny ! ” with a kind-hearted look that made Johnny resolve not to run away again.

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE BIRD.

—
By S. G. S.
—

“ PEEP ! ” said the little bird ;

“ Peep ! ” said he.

“ Here is a leaf on the little bare tree ;

Here are some berries — oh, one, two three !

I think the spring must be coming for me.

Peep ! ” said the little bird ;

“ Peep ! ” said he.

The Lost Baby.



HE 's not in the toy-box,
Nor under the chair,
Nor hid in the curtain—
I 've looked everywhere.

Where is my baby?
Does any one see?
Help me to find him;
Where can he be?

Just a moment ago
He was here, I know well.
Oh, where is my baby—
Can any one tell?

Dear me! Here he is!
Who 'd have thought that behind
Those little pink fingers
A baby I 'd find!

A. B. Crandell.

IN CANDY LAND.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.



"IN Candy Land
the little folks
Wear candy but-
tons on their
cloaks,
And candy but-
tons on their
shoes—
Indeed, on every-
thing they use."

"What if the candy buttons break?"

"The pieces then the children take,
And very calmly down they sit
And eat up every single bit."

"In Candy Land the girls and boys
Play every day with candy toys;
They always eat from candy plates,
And do their sums on candy slates."

"Why, I should think the things would break!"

"They do; and then the children take
The broken pieces, great and small,
And eat until they 've eaten all.

"In Candy Land the girls all know
With candy needles they must sew;
The boys who work use candy tools,
And they have candy books in schools.

"In Candy Land they think it nice
To go to skate on candy ice;
They rest themselves in candy chairs,
And go to bed up candy stairs."

The candy-lover on my knee
In wonderment still questioned me,—

"And if the candy stairs should break?"

"The children must the pieces take,
And very quickly down must sit
And eat up every single bit;

Sometimes the children eat all day
To get the broken bits away."

"And must the children eat them all?"

"Yes, every piece, both great and small.
This is the law in Candy Land;
And you must own 't is wisely planned;
For in that land, as you can see,
So many things must broken be
That bits of candy soon would strew
The sidewalks, roads, and houses, too;
So children *must* the pieces eat
That Candy Land be clean and neat."

The candy-lover on my knee
In blank amaze looked up at me.

"Why, Candy Land 's a dreadful place!"—
Then dawned a wise look on his face—
"I used to think it would be grand
To go to live in Candy Land;
But now I only wish to go
Each day and stay an hour or so!"



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



"THE BURST OF SPRING."

ALL winter long the leaves and flowers have been closely packed away in buds, waiting for these first warm April days. Now, as the sun shines on the moist earth, the sap in countless stems and roots quickens into new life, the plants push their slow way from the darkness underground upward into the bright world of spring sunshine; and when they have risen into the light and air they thrust aside their outer protective coverings and burst into a luxuriance of blossom and of foliage.

Down by the brook the swamp-maples, which closed the previous year in a glow of scarlet foliage, begin the season in a similar flush of color, as the little red flowers break into bloom on all the branches. The swamp-cabbage thrust its stout bundle of green leaves out of the ground in March, and slowly unfolded, until now, with its fellows, it forms bright masses of lustrous foliage through all the lowlands. Near by, the strong spears of the false hellebore have pushed their way above the surface, and now burst into an exuberance of



"BURSTING" OF THE PROTECTIVE SCALES OF THE HICKORY-BUD.

THE "BURSTING" OF THE LARGER PLANTS OF THE MARSHES—FALSE HELLEBORE, SWAMP-CABBAGE, AND OTHERS.

many-plaited leaves which, almost before we know it, have reared themselves upon a rapidly growing stem three feet or more in height. The yellow flowers of the marsh-marigold have burst forth from their early buds, and brighten the low meadows, where the golden glow of the spice-bush shines from the thickets.

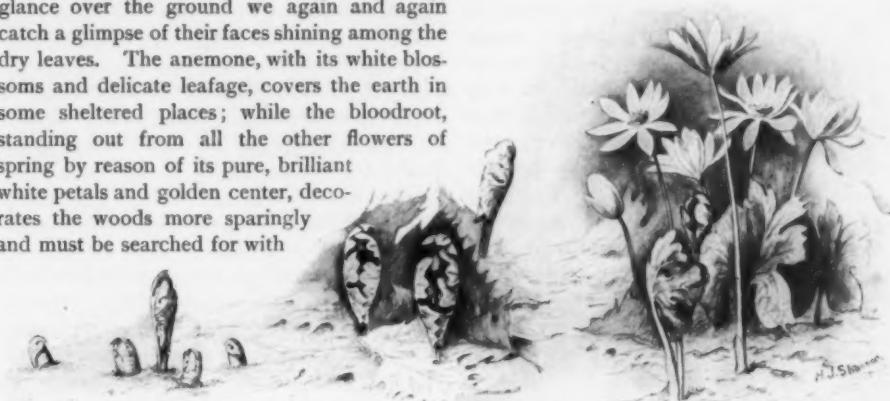
Among the pur-



THE GOLDEN "BLOOMS" OF THE MARSH-MARIGOLDS.

ple hepatica leaves, those flower-buds which yesterday were just visible have now burst open into a wealth of purple blossoms, and as we glance over the ground we again and again catch a glimpse of their faces shining among the dry leaves. The anemone, with its white blossoms and delicate leafage, covers the earth in some sheltered places; while the bloodroot, standing out from all the other flowers of spring by reason of its pure, brilliant white petals and golden center, decorates the woods more sparingly and must be searched for with

petals soon fall, even in the quietest days. The uncurling ferns, which take such peculiar forms



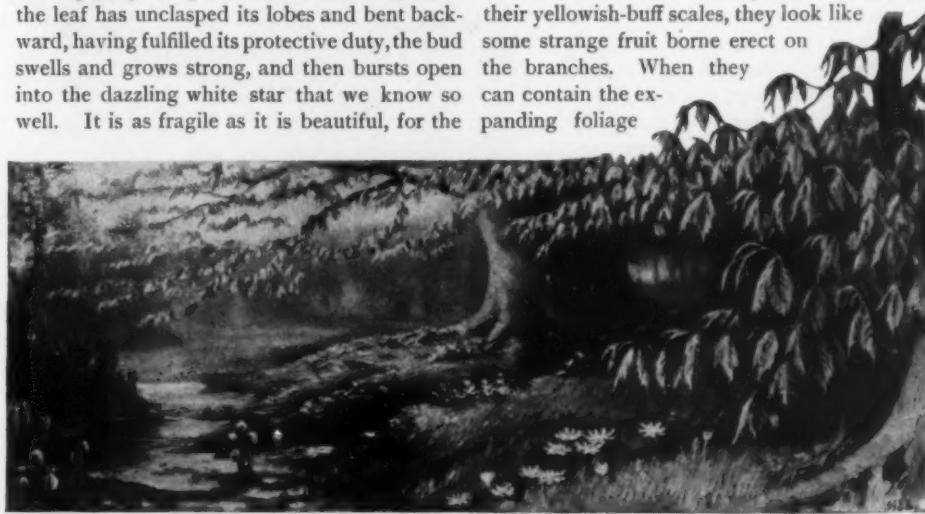
THE "BURSTING" AND UNFOLDING OF THE QUEER PROTECTIVE SHEATHS OF THE BLOODROOT.

care. Its manner of unfolding is beautiful. Usually the leaf and flower rise out of the earth incased in a protective papery sheath. Sometimes, however, the first appearance is like the little knobs in the illustration, where the pale-green leaf is immediately visible, folded over the flower-bud inside. Slowly the leaf rises and slowly it expands, disclosing more and more plainly the pure white bud, until, when the leaf has unclasped its lobes and bent backward, having fulfilled its protective duty, the bud swells and grows strong, and then bursts open into the dazzling white star that we know so well. It is as fragile as it is beautiful, for the

that they are called "fiddle-heads" (which they plainly resemble), are pushing up from the swamps, while the bracken is unfolding in the higher fields.

In some years the buds of the trees open more beautifully than in others. When the warm days come slowly and steadily, they expand in perfection.

The buds of the hickory swell until, with their yellowish-buff scales, they look like some strange fruit borne erect on the branches. When they can contain the expanding foliage



THE UNFOLDING OF FERNS ("FIDDLE-HEADS") AND THE "BURSTING" OF BEECH-BUDS.

no longer, they burst apart, and the delicate leaves thrust themselves upward and slowly spread open, revealing dainty leaf-forms.

All through the woods we may see the tender foliage breaking forth from its winter confinement. And we may notice, too, that each kind of tree has some special way of doing the work. The tulip-tree has its young leaves folded down the middle, so that the faces lie together like the pages of a book. Then, too, the leaf is bent on its stem with its tip downward, and each one is wrapped by itself within

two protecting green scales. These two scales, when they unfold, bend back and down until the leaf is exposed; its stem then lifts it away from the bud, and it slowly straightens out until it is erect, when the two halves gradually spread open. The brown buds of the beech-trees begin to expand, and the tender leaves, covered with downy hairs, droop from all the branches. They, too, have been protected by scales which drop from the tree, now that their work is done, and we may see them scattered on the ground below.

Where, but a few weeks ago, only bare branches and brown fields were visible, a living green veil has been shaken forth from these multitudes of bursting buds, and the plains and woods are clothed with leaves and ready for their summer guests. Some morning the birds will return from the South, and we shall hear them singing among the trees, and see them building their nests behind the screen that this outspreading foliage offers for their safety.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

Is this opening of the buds a real bursting or only such in appearance? Has it outward force or is it merely unfolding? Try putting small elastic bands around the big buds.



"THE TULIP-TREE HAS ITS YOUNG LEAVES FOLDED DOWN THE MIDDLE, SO THAT THE FACES LIE TOGETHER LIKE THE PAGES OF A BOOK."

THE RHINOCEROS-HORNBILL

ONE of the most grotesque and clumsy-looking of birds is the rhinoceros-hornbill, and its habits are as peculiar as its appearance would lead one to believe.

The hornbill family of sixty species, varying in size from that of a jay to a raven, is scattered over parts of the Ethiopian, Oriental, and Australian regions.

The illustration represents a rhinoceros-hornbill from Borneo, and his body is about the size of a large raven. The horn differs greatly in the various species, while in some it is entirely absent. In the rhinoceros-hornbill the horn is bright red, with an underlying section of white, while the bill is white at the tips and back for some distance, then fading into yellow, and then red near the head. The



THE MOTHER RHINOCEROS-HORNBILL SEALED IN HER NEST OF MUD.
Only a small opening is left, out of which she can put her bill to take food from her mate.

skeleton is very bulky, but the bones are unusually light, being hollow, thus giving the greatest strength with a minimum weight.

Hornbills of the Indian Archipelago are fruit-eaters, while those found in Africa are in part carrion-eaters. The larger species are very awkward in flight, as well as in procuring food. It is said the noise of their clumsy, flapping wings may be heard a mile off.

The nesting habits of these birds are most unique. The female is sealed in her nest with mud, etc., till her one egg is hatched. The nest, usually found in a very large tree, is composed of pieces of bark, and is about three feet below the opening, which is usually thirty feet or more from the ground.

Authorities differ as to whether the female plasters herself in for protection from enemies or whether it is done by the male to prevent her leaving her nest before her egg is hatched. The plastering takes two or three days, and a hole only an inch wide and four or five inches long is left open for her bill to stick out, to receive food which her mate brings. As the male brings the food he calls attention to that fact by rapping on the tree till her bill is thrust through the opening.

"SLAP" AND "SNAP."

"Slap" was a frog. We called him that because when he jumped and landed on the hard floor, as he was in the habit of doing whenever he could get out of the pond, it sounded like a slap of mud on a stone.

His "slaps" were always unexpected in both time and place. Once Slap's slap was a crash. That was when he landed on the edge of a projecting sheet of glass over an aquarium. He went down; so did the glass. One difference was that Slap held together.

"Snap" was short for snapping-turtle. He had a way of making things short, especially a small stick that the young folks were fond of putting in his mouth, although his experiments along this line were not confined to sticks. One day he tackled a bullfrog and shortened him by a leg, and incidentally shortened his life.

You see that Snap was rather a dangerous fellow. So we cautioned the young folks who played by the pond side and watched the antics of frogs, turtles, fish, and water-insects.

Slap was an explorer. He tried to find the North Pole. At any rate, he climbed up the wire netting of a north window and jumped on a pruning-pole laid across some braces just under the roof. It took him as much as five minutes to find the pole. The pole turned, and the explorer returned to the floor in less than a second.

Snap was a stay-at-home. He was perfectly contented to lie for many hours in the mud and wait for a fish to swim within reach. To such a fish he extended a cordial invitation to come in and visit him. Whether or not the



"Slap is a genius. There he is, taking a free ride, apparently saying, 'This is the art of taking life easily. What's the use of swimming when you can get some one else to do it for you?'"

And Snap, I fancied, said: "Might as well make the most of the burdens of life, and carry them as gracefully, humbly, and uncomplainingly as possible."

invitation was accepted in that form, I am not sure. I know that a fish was soon missing.

Snap was a great racer, although from his actions and appearance you never would have surmised it. One day, however, he showed what he could do in that way. He had been placed on a high table to be photographed. This table extended in front of a row of cage doors, and was attached to the wall just under them. One of these doors, through some one's neglect, had not been fastened, so "Pete," the white rabbit,* came out—just to see what was going on, I suppose. He was disappointed in that—he saw what was going off. Just then my attention was called to something in another part of the room, and as I turned to attend to it the race began, both Pete and Snap making for the edge of the table. Snap came

* See illustration in first column on page 557.

in, or rather down, ahead—at first on his head. He beat by several feet,—two feet to the edge of the table, three feet down, and then four feet up—all four clawing in the air. Pete, peering cautiously over the edge, showed no disappointment because he had failed to arrive first. In fact, I have been a little in doubt as to what he did show, or indeed as to whether he ever fully appreciated the situation. I am inclined to believe that he did not. If he knew what he had escaped, he seemed unmoved by the thought.

Slap and Snap, though totally unlike in movements and disposition, were very friendly. My assistant said they were the best friends he ever saw. I asked him why he thought so, and he told me he supposed it was because they were always in the same "swim."

Slap and Snap were wise, too; they were philosophers in the art of living. At any rate, I gave them credit for that. Perhaps you would have said Slap mistook the turtle for an island when he jumped on his back and took a ride around the miniature pond. But I was charitable. I gave him the full benefit of the doubt, and said: "Slap is a genius. There he is, taking a free ride, apparently saying, 'This is the art of taking life easily. What's the use of swimming when you can get some one else to do it for you?'"

And Snap, I fancied, said: "Might as well make the most of the burdens of life, and carry them as gracefully, humbly, and uncomplainingly as possible."

Poor Slap and Snap! Where are they now? Perhaps in the mud of the pond to which we carried them in late autumn; for you must know that this pond to which I have been referring as their summer home was a six-foot tank under the trap-doors of our nature play-house.

And down there in the mud, if Slap and Snap ever dream, I hope they are dreaming of the young folks to whom they gave many a laugh by their interesting antics last summer.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

FEEDING AND CARING FOR WHITE RABBITS.

BATON ROUGE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to ask about the habits of white rabbits. Please tell me what they most like to eat. Some one has said that they never drink water. Is that so? I want to raise little rabbits. Do they eat just what the big rabbits eat? Please tell me if it is best to have a wooden floor in their hutch or one of sand. Kindly answer this letter in Nature and Science.

Your friend and reader,
GRETA W. KERNAN.

"What do they most like to eat?" Almost everything. They are not in the least fussy as to diet. For that reason, and for their attractive appearance and playful ways, they make excellent pets. Always have an ample supply



YOUNG WHITE RABBITS PLAYING AND FEEDING.

of good, clean hay and oats before them. Give green food once or twice a day, and only in quantities that will all be eaten. If at any feeding they do not eat all you give them, omit the next feeding, and then give less thereafter. They are fond of almost any kind of grain or vegetable—in fact, anything that a cow or a sheep will eat; and they will devour almost any wild plant, except poison-ivy or wild parsnip. Among the favorite delicacies of the summer are clover, dandelion, plantain, blackberry briars, and blackberry leaves.



"PETE," THE WHITE RABBIT.

Give them water once or twice a day. Some dealers and breeders may tell you not to do this; but if you love your pets, pay not the slightest attention to such advice. It is cruel treatment. Hay should be kept in a rack on the side of the hutch; oats, in a "self-feeder" or in a firm dish that will not tip over easily. Clean the hutch frequently, and cover the floor with a light layer of sawdust, or of fine shavings. I prefer a wooden floor rather than one of sand or concrete.

EARTHWORMS IN RAIN-BARRELS.

EL DORADO, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a disputed question in our zoölogy class, and we would very much like to know the answer. How do the fishworms or earthworms, which are often found in vessels of rain-water after a rain, get there? Some hold the theory that they crawl into the vessels, and others that they have been taken into the clouds in some way and are then rained down.

Yours very truly, WILLIA NELSON.

There are many ways in which earthworms may get into a rain-barrel. Probably the most usual way is for them to crawl in themselves. It is certain that they do not "rain down" from the clouds, though this is an error often shared by grown persons.

I think a very proper question to ask in this case is: If worms were observed in the rain-barrel *after* the rain-storm, are you quite sure that they were not there *before* the storm?

EGG-HUNTING IN EARLY SPRING.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several times lately I have noticed a peculiar formation on the smaller branches of our Japanese quince-bush. Each one seems to completely surround a twig, and is of a hard, brown substance with a smooth, shiny exterior. When broken it separates into tiny round particles. The sketch is life-size. Am I right in thinking that they are the eggs of an insect?

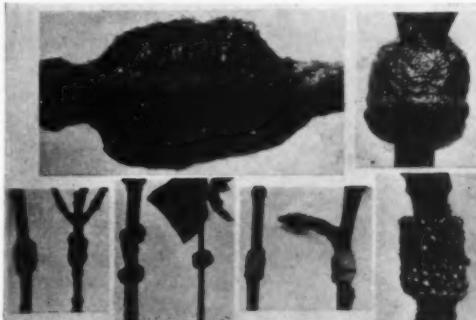
I shall await your answer with a great deal of interest. What they are has long been a mystery to me.

Your loving reader,

GRACE ELIZABETH VARY.

From your description and your sketch, it is probable that the egg-mass is that of the moth of some species of the common tent-caterpillar. The two most common are the apple-tree tent-caterpillar (*Clisiocampa americana*) and the forest tent-caterpillar (*C. disstria*). The moth lays these eggs in a ring-like cluster about a twig in summer, and there they remain unhatched until early next spring, at the time, or just before, the leaves appear. The larvæ that hatch the earliest feed upon the unopened buds till the leaves appear. You will find it interesting to gather these egg-clusters, and to keep them in a box with a door of netting and perhaps with one side of glass, or under a netted cake-cover, until they are hatched out, when you should feed them with tender buds and leaves.

Several families of insects form interesting egg-masses for the winter. The common pray-



VARYING FORMS OF EGG-RINGS OF FOREST TENT-CATERPILLAR.
(*Clisiocampa disstria*. Photographed by Professor M. V. Slingerland.)

ing-mantis (*Phasmomantis carolina*) of the Southern States lays the eggs in a mass similar to that of the tent-caterpillar, but overlaid with a hard

covering of silk, somewhat resembling that of a cocoon.

One of the most curious of winter egg-masses is that of a mantid from Japan (*Tenodera sinensis*) that made its appearance near Philadelphia in 1896. Since then it is fairly common in that vicinity. One of these egg-masses suggests a fairy basket. When the little insects hatch out they have, to continue the comparison, the appearance of tumbling down between the "splints" of this "basket."

If you collect these masses of insect eggs in the early spring, you will have the advantage of those who gather birds' eggs later in the spring; for no human being will complain or accuse you of robbing nests.

NOT TARANTULAS IN BUNCHES OF BANANAS.

BERMIDIJ, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A clerk in my father's store found a tarantula in a bunch of bananas, and we soon had it in a bottle of alcohol. It answered the description of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," which says the body does not exceed three quarters of an inch in length in a full-grown one. I have been in several disputes over its size; many said they had seen larger ones. Lately I looked in another encyclopedia, which said



A TRUE TARANTULA.

the bodies of the Southern ones are sometimes one and a half inches in length. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS two years, but am mostly interested in the Nature

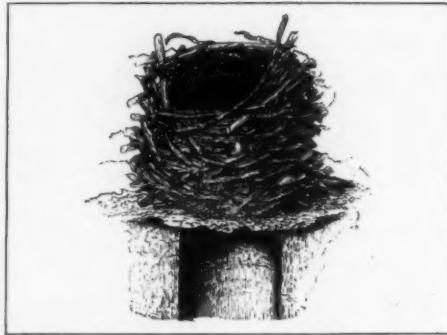
and Science department, in which I hope to see the tarantula described.

Last spring the physiology class at school had some trouble over the functions of the white corpuscles of the blood, but the article in the ST. NICHOLAS came to our assistance.

Your friend,

JULIAN PETERSON.

Some tarantulas have bodies fully one and a half inches in length. Genuine tarantulas are not common in bunches of bananas; the spiders found in such situations usually belong to other groups; but, as they are large, they are called "tarantulas." The genuine tarantulas are usually found on the ground, and wander chiefly at night. The spiders commonly seen in banana bunches are the "huntsman spider" (*Heteropoda*) and species of the genus *Ctenus*. These spiders often occur on trees or bushes, and are thus more liable to get in the bunches.



A NEST OF A TARANTULA.

Their jaws are not as large as the tarantula's, and they are not as poisonous.

NATHAN BANKS.

THE EXTREME AGE OF CANARIES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me how old canaries usually grow to be. I have had one for seven years, and it was at least one year old when I got it. I wish to know because I am very fond of mine.

DOROTHY STABLER.

Canaries may live twenty years, and sometimes, though rarely, a little longer.

THE SNAKE AND THE MIRROR.

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading the ST. NICHOLAS so much. This is the first year I have ever taken it, but I hope it will not be the last.

I will tell you of an experience that a friend of mine had last summer. She walked into the sitting-room one morning, and there, swinging over a mirror, was a striped brown snake. He had caught sight of his own reflection. He became furious and struck the mirror over and over again with his own head, until he nearly killed himself. He was so limp and worn-out that a servant carried him away with no trouble.

Your new friend,
MARION LOGAN KEAN (age 10).

I do not think that the snake actually attacked its own reflection, but was making frenzied and stupid efforts to dash to safety into what appeared to be clear territory ahead (the reflected room in the mirror). Snakes seldom fight in the manner described. Moreover, captive reptiles never seem able to comprehend the presence of glass, through which they are generally trying to escape.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

THE BEATING OF THE HEART OF A FISH.

SOSAWAGAMING CLUB,
MARQUETTE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Three hours ago a pickerel weighing about five pounds was caught. One and one half hours later the heart was taken out, and it was still beating. Can you explain this? If so, will you kindly answer? Find inclosed stamp.

Yours very truly,
REBECCA WALTON.

Hearts of cold-blooded animals will beat for a comparatively long time after death or removal from the body (if kept cool and moist), because of powerful internal collections of nerves, known as ganglia, whose automatic impulses cause the regular contractions of the muscles. Similar ganglia exist in man and other warm-blooded animals, but their action is less prolonged. Scientists have ascertained that a turtle's heart will beat after removal, if put on a piece of glass, kept cool and moist,

and covered with a bell-jar. I believe it has been known to beat thirty-six or even forty-eight hours; twelve or fourteen hours is a common record.

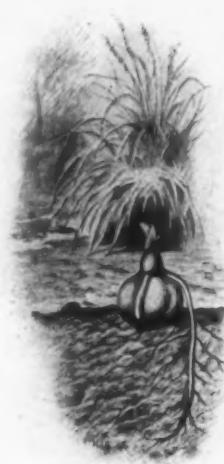
H. M. S.

FRUIT AND SEEDS OF
SKUNK-CABBAGE.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When out walking yesterday I found these hard, round balls lying among some skunk-cabbages. Are they last year's seeds?

Yours truly,
MARJORIE SPARROW.

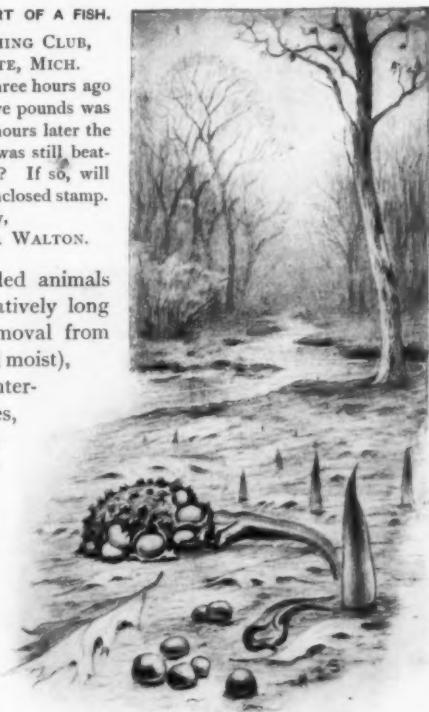


A BULBLET-LIKE SEED.

The new plant beginning to grow. The earth has been removed to show the root.

These are, indeed, the seeds of the swamp or skunk cabbage. As is also true of jack-in-the-pulpit, most young folks know the plant in flower and in earliest growth, but not all recognize it in later stages.

The fruit of the skunk-cabbage, produced in late summer or autumn, is large and round like an apple, and known to botanists as an "enlarged spongy spadix." This incloses the seeds just below the surface. In autumn and winter this fruit falls over on the ground, usually still attached to the stem, and decays, thus letting loose the bullet-like seeds, that are scattered in the water of freshets in brook or marsh in winter and spring.



SWAMP OR SKUNK CABBAGE SEEDS.

Scattering from the decaying "enlarged spongy spadix" that has fallen over on the ground and is still attached to the stem.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY JOHN ANDREW ROSS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE SHEEPFOLD AT REST.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 17).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE great mountain pastures are purple and gold;
Rest cometh at sunset to those in the fold.
All there—for the Shepherd knows all of his own;
His voice by the sheep and the lambs is well known.
Not one shall be lost, though the night shadow creeps:
The Keeper of Israel nor slumbers nor sleeps.

THE "Story of a Cat" was bound to be a popular subject. Almost every family owns or has owned one or more cats, and of course our own cats always seem quite wonderful to us and worth writing about. Sev-

eral hundred stories about these family pets were received, and while most of them told about just plain ordinary cats that have from human association acquired certain human traits, there were a goodly number that told of unusual incidents and especial attainments, worthy of record in print. Very many of these were of course crowded out for lack of room, and sometime we shall have to have another "Cat Story" competition so that other household favorites may be heard from.

It has been said of cats that they become attached to places, not to persons. This is only true in a comparative degree. In most instances where cats are petted they become devoted to their human friends, and while it is true that removing them to a new home is very difficult,—sometimes impossible,—it is also true that the cat will often go back to the old home only to die of a broken heart, even when well treated by the new tenant.

In fact, the affection of the cat both for its home and for its owners is so deeply seated, and so much like two parts of a perfect bond, that the devoted animal in many instances cannot survive the destruction of either half. The cat will pine away and die of homesickness, and it will do the same for friends that have left it behind. Faithful and devoted as the dog may be, he will do neither of these things. It is true he will go home over many miles of unknown country, but only when his master is there, and eventually, if kindly treated, he will reconcile himself to new ownership—something a cat will almost never do.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY AGNES L. FEASLER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 64.

Verse. Gold badges, **Louisa F. Spear** (age 15), 6 William St., Newark, N. J., and **Grace Leslie Johnston** (age 12), 474 West End Ave., New York City.

Silver badges, **Lucie Clifton Jones** (age 14), Tulip, Ky., and **Ruth G. De Pledge** (age 11), Colfax, Wash.

Prose. Cash prize, **Jessie E. Wilcox** (age 17), 296 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Mildred Quiggle** (age 16), 698 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Marguerite Stevenson** (age 16), Denton, Neb., and **Beulah Elizabeth Amidon** (age 10), 379 Seventh Ave., Fargo, N. D.

Photography. Gold badges, **Edmund S. McCawley** (age 14), Paoli, Pa., and **Agnes L. Peaslee** (age 16), North Sandwich, N. H.

Silver badges, **Ambler M. Blackford** (age 16), Lock Drawer 148, Alexandria, Va., **Anna C. Buchanan** (age 13), 664 Phil. Ave. Chambersburg, Pa., and **Dorothy Beugler** (age 11), 32 Malvern St., Dorchester, Mass.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Richard S. Bull** (age 13), 106 Federal St., Salem, Mass. Second prize, "Snow-shoe Rabbit," by **Myrtle Alderson** (age 14), Baldbutte, Mont. No third award.

Drawing. Cash prize, **John Andrew Ross** (age 16), 312 E. 14th St., Davenport, Ia. Gold badge, **Richard F. Babcock** (age 17), 6518 Minerva Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth C. Burt** (age 15), 23 Hazel Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa., **Oscar F. Schmidt** (age 13), 468A McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Roger Thayer Twitchell** (age 9), 25 Alban St., Dorchester, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 15), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and **Harry W. Hazard, Jr.** (age 13), 16 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Silver badges, **Philip W. Miller** (age 14), 60 W. 127th St., New York City, and **Elisabeth Hemenway** (age 10), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **John Farr Simons** (age 13), 1015 N. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J., and **Dorothy Rutherford** (age 11), Ottawa, Ontario.

Silver badges, **Emma D. Miller** (age 14), 1952 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Hamilton Fish Armstrong** (age 11), 58 W. 10th St., New York City.

THE BIRDLINGS' REST SONG.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

At eve, as I sat 'neath a wide-spreading willow,
I heard, from the branches high over my head,
The song soft and sweet of a motherly robin,
Quite busy with putting her babies to bed.

And as the song fell on the still air of evening,
A fairy came forth from the foot of the tree

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And interpreted for me the words of the singing,
I'll tell them to you as she told them to me:

"Rest now in the cradle which hangs in the branches;
Rest on till the morning dawns bright in the sky;
Dream not of the north wind that blows from the
mountains;
Abandon all fear, for your mother is nigh."

The rest of the warble I heard indistinctly;
The words of the fairy fell faint on my ear;
I was soon lulled to sleep by the song of the robin,
To rest, like the birdlings, quite free from all fear.

FROM BEGGER TO PRINCE.

BY JESSIE E. WILCOX (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

THE accompanying photograph is an exact likeness of my regal hero, Toffy. But, sad to say, it does not show his shade, which is that of pulled molasses-candy (toffy). Hence the prince's name.

Of his life before he came into his rightful kingdom



"TREES IN WINTER." BY EDMUND S. McCAWLEY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

I know but little. Enough to say that he was a beggar, and a much-abused beggar, too. He meandered about in the moonlight on back fences, howling pitifully when the shower of missiles came his way, cast by angry humans robbed of their sleep. At last a compassionate person took pity on the miserable little saffron beggar, and, rescuing him from further insult, sent him to his present home. Good-by to beggar days, and hail the beginning of Prince Toffy's reign!



"TOFFY."

Belonging naturally to the family of cheerful cats, Toffy soon forgot his former wrongs and proceeded to enjoy a life of ease. Now he spends his days on a soft-cushioned table in the sunlight, his nights under a warm blanket.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY AMBLER M. BLACKFORD, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

He wears a collar with name and address engraved thereon, and his coming is announced by the jingling of silver bells.

Toffy is particularly dainty about his eating: milk he disdains; cream is his nectar.

On a table are the toys of the prince: ping-pong balls, rubber balls, a soft, fuzzy rabbit, an automatic acrobatic tin boy, a fascinating, wiggling metal spider. The prince knocks the balls down the stairs, reveling in the music of their pattering on the hard wood; his subjects carry the balls upstairs again.

Thus lives he, risen from beggar to prince. He grows plump and soft, and indifferent to persuasions to run after an uninteresting string. Long may be the peaceful reign of the favored Prince Toffy!

REST FROM RESTING.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN studying our lessons and working at our tasks,

We wish the longed-for holidays were here;

We think of how we 'll lie and lounge when we can rest at last;

We 're really very happy 'cause it 's near.

But when it comes we loaf about and don't know what to do;

We 're truly very happy, we pretend;

We read a bit and write a bit and wander round the house—

We almost wish the holidays would end.

And when vacation 's over and again we go to school,

That we 've had a happy time we 've not a doubt;

We buckle down to lessons with a vigor and a vim,

But really with our rest we 're tired out!



"MINGO."

REST.

BY LUCIE CLIFTON JONES
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE evening sun is sinking low
Beyond the western hill;
Sheep-bells sound in the vale below
Beside the murmur'ring rill.

The cows pause where the brooklet flows,
Just long enough to drink;
They find the tend'rest grass that grows
Along its mossy brink.

The work-horse wanders up the lane,
And stops beside the way;
The cricket chirps his song again
Just at the close of day.

The shades of night are drawing nigh,
The moon peeps o'er the hill;
And somewhere 'neath the bright blue sky
We hear the whippoorwill.

Now every bird has found her nest
As night's dark shadows fall;
In every place there is a rest,
And God reigns over all.

THE STORY OF MY CAT.

BY MILDRED QUIGGLE (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

MINGO, a very honored and distinguished person of cat-land, has lived at our home for almost five years. He got his name from a colored man we once had in Florida, and as Mingo is very black the name suits him exactly.

During his life he has had many wonderful adventures, and although he used up his nine lives long ago he still continues to live and "get fat."

One day as he was walking down the avenue in the car-track the car came along, and before Mingo could make up his mind what to do (he is always deliberate in his actions, but alas! very slow) the car had picked him up on the fender. As soon as he realized his

situation he sat up and looked around as if he enjoyed it and meant to ride the whole length of the route.

But just then he recognized his home, and, without waiting for the car to stop, as all well-mannered passengers do, he gave a quick leap and gained the road, striking on his head.

This upset him very much, as he always wishes to appear unruffled.

Nevertheless, he quickly gained his right position and slowly walked to the house as if nothing had happened.

When Mingo was younger, I used to dress him up



"DEER." BY RICHARD S. BULL, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

in my dolls' clothes and then wheel him in my dolls' carriage, as the accompanying photograph shows.

There he would sleep for hours.

But the cutest thing was when I gave him his bottle.

I had a baby's bottle, which I would fill with warm milk.

When he would see me coming he would stretch out his paws, trying to get it sooner, and after I gave it to him, he would hold it until all the milk was gone; he seemed to enjoy having his milk that way more than any other.

I am afraid that he is at times much of a coward—at least, he is when he is taken by surprise; for one day, as he was chasing a small baby robin, the mother robin came quickly down from a tree and nipped the end of his tail.

Mingo turned and ran with all his might for his home, not stopping an instant until he was safely under the piazza floor.

It is not often that a bird gets the best of a cat.

SPRING.

BY RUTH G. DE PLEDGE (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SPRING is coming! Spring is coming!
And the insects all are humming,
Singing birds and buzzing bees,
On the flowers, in the trees,
Happy as the day is long,
Showing all their joy in song.

Trees and flowers, dressed in green,
Add a brightness to the scene;
Warmest sun and sky so bright,
Floating clouds so soft and light,
Greenest grass, and fragrant flowers
Brighten up this world of ours.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"SNOW-SHOE RABBIT." BY MYRTLE ALDERSON, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

TWO "MOTHERS."

BY MARGUERITE STEVENSON (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

We have all heard of incidents where cats have adopted families; now I will tell you of an incident when a cat divided the interests of her family with a hen.

One morning, when I was hunting for eggs (our hens had a habit of choosing their nests in out-of-the-way places), I found a nest where a white hen was setting. And what do you think I found? Three little kittens; and the old hen, thinking, perhaps, that her eggs had hatched, was hovering over them just as proud as could be.

I had been there but a few minutes when the mother cat came back. She was not at all surprised or disturbed at finding the hen with her babies; nor did it disturb the hen to see a cat purring to her adopted children.

I thought it would be interesting to watch them

grow, so I made a warm nest in a box for them, then I carried the box to a convenient place near the house. The old hen followed, clucking very loudly.

It was amusing to watch the hen's attempts at feeding them. She would jump out of the box and try to call her children out, too. We would sometimes lift them out, and her thanks was evident in her change of tone.

All this the mother cat did not resent, but would lie and watch them in an interested way. In fact, I believe she was amused at the hen's manner of raising kittens, while the hen was shocked at the foolishness of the kittens. She stayed with them until they were quite large; and as long as we kept both hen and kittens there existed a strong friendship between them.

Wasn't it strange that the cat would let this hen do anything with her kittens, when she flew into a rage if another hen attempted to come near?

THE STORY OF A CAT.

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

GRANDMA and grandpa had just moved to North Dakota twenty-five years ago. There was nothing but a bare, desolate prairie, and they were very homesick. They had been here a week or so when one day a little black kitten came to the door. Grandma took her in. She had such an old face that grandma named her Old Lady. Old Lady was hungry, so grandma gave her some meat. Grandpa had no cow then, so there was no milk. Kitty was thirsty, and she would not take water, so grandma put some chalk in the water to make it white, and Old Lady drank it. She thrived very well on her diet, and soon she was a fine cat and an excellent mouser. When she had been with them about a year, she had nine beautiful kittens. Very few people in the country had cats then, and people from all around came to get Old Lady's kittens. Grandma kept one kitten and gave the rest away.

Old Lady lived on through all the hardships of pioneering. During her lifetime she had fifty-three kittens, and none of them ever had to be drowned, for people from all over came to get them.

One winter grandpa and grandma went back East, and Old Lady was so old that they were afraid she would suffer, so they chloroformed her. When she died she was nineteen years old.

THE REST.

BY MARJORIE HILL
(AGE 14).THE earth is dead—through
the long yesterdayThe winds sang death-
hymns loud and shrill.All yesterday the earth lay stark and bare;
Naked and brown were wood and field and hill.But through the night the winds and gray sky wrought.
The shroud they made is white and still and plain;
The wrinkles on the earth are smoothed away;
The earth's at rest, however Death may reign.

AN EGYPTIAN CAT.

BY MORRIS GILBERT BISHOP (AGE 11).

THE cat I am going to tell about did n't do anything wonderful. He only got killed. Nowadays nobody would think anything about such a thing, but this cat was killed 60 or 70 B.C.

The cat was held as sacred by the ancient Egyptians, so once when a Roman soldier killed one he was obliged to flee to the barracks to save his life. A mob soon gathered and demanded his life. In vain the Emperor of Rome sent a message telling the people that the cat was killed accidentally; in vain the commander of the garrison pleaded for the soldier's life; the people in-

sisted on his death. If they could not get him, they would come in and take him. It does not seem now that the Egyptian mob could have made their way through the well-armed, well-drilled, and well-disciplined soldiers of Rome, but we cannot tell to what heights their tempers could be aroused when their religion, the only thing they valued, was insulted. The commander, wise enough to see that when their temper was up nothing could withstand them, gave the man up. He was instantly killed. Diodorus, the author of the "Bibliotheca," was there at the time.

This incident shows the fanaticism of the Egyptians in their religion. Whatever the priests told them they implicitly believed. It seems almost impossible that the Egyptians, who were perfectly consistent in all other matters, should be so foolish in regard to animals. But

they would probably regard it as inconceivable that we should not think the cat, dog, and other animals as sacred. But as the last of the men who took part in this lynching has been dead, gone, and mummified about nineteen hundred years, this incident in no way concerns anybody or anything of the present generation.

THE ISLE OF REST.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 14).
In the golden west the Isle
of Rest
Gleams fair in Slumber
Sea;
And, close to the shore, I list
for the oar
Of a ferrymen coming for
me.Out of the deep dark shadows
which creep
Silently over the sea,
We'll peacefully glide till
we anchor beside
The isle where I long to
be."Rest ye awhile on this beautiful isle;
From toil find sweet release,"
Said the ferryman gray as he laid me away
To dream in the Palace of Peace.

A TRUE STORY OF A CAT.

BY ELAINE SHELLEY (AGE 14).

A FEW years ago some friends of ours, for a holiday, went to Edinburgh, which was about thirty miles away from the small country village in which they lived. They took with them their cat, which was called Speckle, so named from the tortoise-shell spots all over her coat.

After they had been in Edinburgh some time, Speckle had two kittens. When the time came for our friends to return home, they left Speckle and her children with some people whom they knew, and who at that time were living in Edinburgh, as they thought a cat and two kittens would be rather troublesome in traveling.

Two or three weeks after they returned home they heard a cat crying at the door, and when they opened it they found Speckle and her kittens. They were all





"TREES IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY BEUGLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

greatly surprised to see them, and wondered how they had come. They found afterward that Speckle had disappeared from Edinburgh shortly after her old mistress left, but they could not at all understand how she made the long journey with her babies. The only thing they could think was that she brought one of the kittens part of the way, and then left it in a safe place while she fetched the other.

At that rate she must have traveled a great number of miles; and certainly, when she arrived, she looked very thin and tired. You may be sure that both she and her children were warmly welcomed at their old home.

THE ISLANDS OF REST AND PEACE.

BY FLORENCE COCHRANE TURNER (AGE 16).

THEY are near, they are near, in the childhood days;
And we seem to see them stand
'Mid a glorious halo of golden haze—
A lovely lullaby land.
And mother sings, and our child-woes cease,
And we pass in the dusk o'er the waters deep,
O'er the bright and beautiful sea of sleep,
To the Islands of Rest and Peace.

They are near, they are near, in the evening light;
We have reached the height of age,
And in patience wait for the falling night;
We have filled the written page.
Soon, soon it comes, the blest release,
And we softly sail o'er the peaceful deep,
O'er the silvery, silent sea of sleep,
To the Islands of Rest and Peace.

THE STORY OF A CAT.

BY SHERWIN KELLY (AGE 9).

WHEN my father was a boy he had a cat named Tim. My father was very, very fond of Tim, and Tim was very fond of my father.

One day a dressmaker was there at work.
She had a dummy without any head or arms.

When Tim came in the room the dressmaker had a skirt draped over the dummy. He rubbed against the people he knew; soon he noticed the skirt on the dummy. He went over to it; soon he lifted his eyes and looked toward the top of the dummy. And when he saw no head, he looked very much astonished, raised the hair on his back, swelled up his tail, said "Ph-ph-ph-s-s-s-s," and ran away as hard as he could.

Once when my father was gone five years, when he came back Tim still knew him. My father had Tim for a great many years.

MY FAVORITE RESTING-PLACE.

BY MARY WINSLOW (AGE 13).

'T is up in the top of an apple-tree,
Where around me the birds are singing;
While the little new leaves that have just
burst out
In the breezes are swaying and swinging.
Oh! now I am glad that the winter is gone,
Though I'm fond of its coasting and skating;
But much had I rather be up in my tree
And watch Mister Robin go mating.

JUDY.

BY MARJORY KERR (AGE 13).

A FEW years ago a friend of my mother's gave me a little Maltese kitten. I decided at once to name her Judy. She was very cunning, and I thought a great deal of her.

One day, while our family were at dinner, we heard a noise on the keys of the piano. No one knew what caused it, and so Sallie, our maid, went to see what it was, and found Judy walking up and down on the keys. There was a music-book open on the piano, and every few minutes she would stop to look at it and turn a leaf over with her paw as if she were really reading the music.

Sometimes she would go in the parlor and jump from the back of one chair to another as if she were playing tag



"CALIFORNIA TREES IN WINTER." BY HELEN L. R. PORTER, AGE 11.

with herself. She would amuse herself in this way for a long time. She was always very careful, and we never felt alarmed if we saw her jump lightly to the top of a table where there were books and a lamp. When she was tired she would curl up on the lower part of the table, and there we would find her, fast asleep among the newspapers.

If I started to walk across the room she would run after me, thinking that I did it just to play with her.

When she was tired of playing outdoors, she would climb up on the screen door and look in the window, which was



"TREES IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY WORMSER, AGE 10.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELIZABETH C. BURT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

in the upper part of the door, until some one would let her in.

But one day when she was outdoors playing, an old woman came along to sell some vegetables, and I think that she took Judy away with her. We never saw either of them again.

THE REST.

BY KATHARINE A. PAGE (AGE 13).

At the school where me an' Dick go,
An' Bob an' Jessie, too,
An' Marjorie an' Lucy Brown,
An' Bill an' Jim an' Sue,
Our teacher always speaks of us,
No matter who is best,
Nor who had all their lessons right,
As "Jessie and the rest."

Now it was jes the other day
That Jessie went 'way down,
Because she could n't spell as
well
As little Lucy Brown.
An' in our mathematic class
It 's been 'most thirteen
days
Since she had all her problems
right,
An' Bob did his two ways.

But "Jessie and the rest" we
are
When teacher wants to say
That jes us little ones may
go

Out in the yard to play.
Now when you've really worked
right hard,
Worked hard an' done your
best,
Done better far than Jessie—
Ain't it hard to be "the
rest"?

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ROGER THAYER
TWITCHELL, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is composed of readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine. Its membership is free.

MY BROTHER'S CAT.

BY ETHEL C. DAGGETT
(AGE 10).

A FRIEND of mama's gave my brother a little Maltese kitten.

He took his high chair and some small blue boards which he had to play with; he then fixed these boards on the chair so he had four rooms—"the cellar, the attic, downstairs, upstairs."

Then he would tell the cat to go upstairs, and put her there. Then he would tell her to go in the attic, and lift her up there.

He kept telling her to go in a certain room and then put her there until, when he told her to go downstairs, she could go there with none of brother's help.

It was not long before she would go to any room that my brother told her to.

Now brother, whose name is Rex, had a doll which he kept in a box under the couch.

Rex had this box fixed very soft, and the cat liked to lie in it.

The cat used to sit and watch until Rex went out of the room, then she would go and lift the doll out of the box and get in herself.

If Rex came in the room and put the doll in the box with the cat, the cat would get out and watch for another chance to take the doll out.

About five years ago a girl came here to work, and that very day the cat went away and was gone about a month, and then came back, but only stayed one day, and we have never seen her since.

REST FROM LABOR.

BY RUTH HORNEY (AGE 12).

In the sweet, refreshing morn-
ing,
When the grass is moist with
dew,
And the lark is blithely singing,
And the sky 's a pinky hue;

In the clear, sweet April morn-
ing,
When the spring's soft breezes
blow,
And the golden sun is rising,
Toward the fields the farm-
hands go.

In the calm and peaceful even-
ing,
When the sky is glowing red,
And the fiery sun is sinking,
Leaving blood-red trails o'er-
head;

In the solemn, mystic evening,
When the light fades in the west,
From the fields the men troop homeward:
What is labor without rest?

THE STORY OF TWO CATS.

BY LAURA F. BATES (AGE 14).

THESE cats were not common cats, by any means, but African civet-cats. We lived in Africa, so we had pets that are not common in America.

The civet-cats were brought to us when they were only about a week old. They were found by a man in the forest while he was hunting, and he had sent them to us. They were about the size of a half-grown kitten.

We fed the civets with milk sweetened with honey at first; but as they grew older we gave them vegetables and fruit to eat.

They never grew very tame, and often used to bite and scratch us; but we did n't mind that very much.

They used to hide in the grass all day, only coming out at night and in the morning for their food.

These civet-cats were with us for about two months, and then one night one was wounded so badly by some wild animal that it died, and then the other one ran away and was never seen again.

REST.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 12).

SOFTLY, robin, softly sing,
For the flowers of the spring
Are sweetly slumbering in their bed
Beneath the leaves dry, brown, and dead.

Softly, breezes, softly blow;
Whisper gently as you go;
For the buds are still asleep
In the forest cool and deep.

Let them sleep a little while—
Till the warm spring sun shall smile,
And the skies of April weep;
Then awake them from their sleep.

A STORY OF A CAT.

BY ETHEL M. KEEFE (AGE 12).

A FRIEND of mine has a large black cat, eight years old, whose name is Mackey.

Next to Mackey's house there lived a cat who ran away and left her little kitten. This little kitten cried continually for its mother.

About four o'clock one morning last summer my friend was awakened by hearing an old cat calling a kitten. She thought it was the mother who had returned, but, on looking out of the window, found it was not its mother, but old black Mackey, all wet with dew, carrying a mouse in his mouth, which he laid down at the kitten's feet, then waited and watched until it had eaten the mouse.

Then Mackey took the kitten to his own bed, and ever after that he took all the care of it, gave it some of his food, caught mice for it, and had it sleep with him until it was old enough to take care of itself.

The strangest part of the story is, Mackey does n't like cats, but fights with all the cats who come near him, and has lived where he is the only pet.

Now, for his kindness to that little orphan kitten, don't you think Mackey deserves mention in the St. NICHOLAS?

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free of charge on application. This does not apply to prize badges.



BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT.

TAIL PIECE FOR APRIL.

(SILVER BADGE.)

DEMOSTHENES IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY HAROLD I. JEFFREY (AGE 17).

As we look into the histories of nations we find that, as a rule, a country produces its greatest men at the height of its power and glory. There is, however, an exception to the rule. Greece never produced a greater man than Demosthenes; and never was she in greater need of a leader than when that greatest of all orators began his political life in Athens.

Greece, torn by internal dissensions, was tottering to its fall. The power of Hellas was gone, never to return. On the north the avaricious Philip of Macedonia cast greedy eyes upon that beautiful country of so great culture and little virtue. For Philip was ambitious of conquering the world, and here were the means of furthering that ambition.

In accordance with his plans, he prepared to seize Olynthus; and then it was that the world heard of Demosthenes. In a burst of eloquence never before equalled in the history of oratory he denounced the Macedonian ruler as a grasping tyrant, exposing to the Hellenic world his crafty intrigues and grasping policy. But all to no purpose: patriotism was dead in Greece. He beheld Philip gaining his dastardly ends, smoothing his way with Macedonian gold and traitorous Greeks.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MIRIAM HELEN TANBERG, AGE 8.

Once more he rose to the occasion, and in a series of orations so bitter that the very name has become proverbial, he made such an appeal to patriotism that even Greece made one more feeble effort to save herself from everlasting degradation. Athens and Thebes formed an alliance, and at Cheronea met with a most disastrous defeat. Greece was brought to submission at the feet of a king.

It was soon afterward that he produced the world's masterpiece of oratory, the "Oration on the Crown."

The rest of his history is briefly told. Falsey accused of accepting bribes, he was imprisoned, but escaped. After the death of Alexander he returned and once more became active in Athenian political life. The crushing defeat of the Athenians by Antipater marked the beginning of the end. The Macedonians demanded the surrender of Demosthenes, and he fled to the temple of Poseidon for refuge.

His enemies pursued, only to find him dead—killed by his own hand rather than be taken a prisoner.

With him died Grecian patriotism, and in his sarcophagus was buried the remnant of Grecian virtue. His dignity of character, energy of purpose, persevering thought, his purity and patriotism, make his whole life an example which we may follow with the assurance that we cannot be led astray. He was the last and greatest of the Athenians.

A HERO OF '75.

BY MARY A. WOODS (AGE 13).

"T WAS in the year of seventy-five
When William Dawes, so brave and bold,
Rode daringly o'er Boston Neck
To warn the people, I 've been told.

Just as two lights flashed in the tower,
Brave Dawes sprang on his steed of brown;
And though it was the midnight hour,
He spurred with speed through Watertown.

The cry of "Wake, good folk, wake up!"
Smote loud on every sleepy ear;
And as the windows open flew:
"The British come; they'll soon be here!"

And so, endang'ring his own life,
Good Dawes did save his countrymen,
With daring and with valor bold,
Deserving poetry of my pen.

THE MARATHON RUNNER.

BY ROSCOE H. VINING (AGE 17).

To Athens come tidings that Eretria has fallen at the hands of the long-dreaded Persians. The hostile forces have already arrived at Marathon, prepared to annihilate the Athenians. Never before has the city beloved of Athena since the days of ancient Cecrops been so imperiled, and every resource must be called forth to meet the impending crisis.

Hardly has the news reached Athens when Pheidippides, a trained runner, afterward to be known as the Marathon runner, undertakes to run to distant Sparta for aid. Only a man of the people, an ordinary individual he seems, yet one who is in readiness to heed a call to greatness, one to whom the call may sometime come. Surely the bearing of the lithe, alert figure be-

tokens the strength and patriotism of a true Athenian, and we wonder whether he shall play his part successfully in the coming contest.

Clad in the lightest garments he starts out, the sun high in the sky. At sunset the Acropolis has become lost in the gathering darkness, and beneath the half-grown moon, with the silent stars to guide him, Pheidippides hastens on.

Long after sunrise he stands before the Spartan magistrates. The deliberate Lacedaemonians, roused by his appeal, vote to send forces to aid the Athenians as soon as the moon fulls, for, according to Herodotus, Sparta never began an expedition between the new and full moon.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 16.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY HELEN WING, AGE 14.

With this answer he starts back, and during the return Pan meets him, promising deliverance to Athens, and, according to Browning in his poem "Pheidippides," a worthy reward to himself.

One of the world's great battles has been fought at Marathon. The victorious Athenians about the battle-field are discussing Miltiades's sagacity, the Persians' cowardice, or Pan's wonderful intervention on their behalf.

Standing apart from others, Pheidippides is considering Pan's promise to himself. Across in Athens, she who "keeps faith to the brave" waits for news of the Grecian army. And her thoughts are of him who, this very moment, sees in her his reward.

But at this moment there came a great cry:

"To Acropolis, run, Pheidippides, one race more!" He attempts "one race more," and arriving at Athens with barely breath enough to utter those memorable words, "Rejoice, we conquer," sinks exhausted.

The people throng about him to hear more, but Pheidippides, the Marathon runner, is dead—dead without receiving the hoped-for reward.

MY DOG "RAGS."

BY EMILY F. MATZ (AGE 7).

I HAVE a funny little dog; His name is "Rags H. Matz."

He does not mind the rats and mice,

But is not fond of cats.

He says he does not like their feet
And green and yellow eyes;
They live in sun and summer heat,
And think they're smart and wise.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY JANE HAZEN, AGE 12.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

OITA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you about my visit to the Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. There was a young Russian officer who looked as if he were thirty-five, but he was only twenty-four years old. There was another officer about forty-five years old; I will give you his address: Nicolas von Weissberg, Trans-Baikal Kossack Army, Lieutenant of the First Werhneondinsky Regiment of Horse. There was another officer, a captain, who was making a wooden cross to put on the grave of a soldier that had died from his wounds. There was a deaf old colonel who shook hands with us, and our interpreter being Lieutenant von Weissberg said something in Russian to him. I saw about one thousand Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. There are about two thousand Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. The wounded are in temporary barracks; the others are in the city hall and in the temples.

I like you very much, and I hope my father and mother will get you for me next year. I have a friend about the same age as I am, and as my father is a minister and as he goes to Matsuyama, I see him very often.

Your loving reader,

W. A. WILSON (age 10).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having arrived at the age limit, I send my last contribution to the



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

League this month, and it is with genuine regret. I cannot tell you what pleasure it has given me for the past five years, and if ever I am fortunate enough to make any success in life, it will be largely due to the suggestions and encouragement of the League. Although I can no longer write myself, I shall always read the work of your clever contributors with deep interest. Wishing you a long and prosperous future, I am always,

Yours sincerely,
DORIS FRANCKLYN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Jewish Orphan Asylum in Cleveland, Ohio. One morning when I woke I found I had the mumps. I went to our hospital and the nurse put me to bed. I was sorry to stay in bed a whole day without going to school. Next day I was in bed also. But the next day I was allowed to get out of bed. So I thought I would write to you. The days passed by very quickly. Monday came, and I got a pen and some paper and I sat down to write. When I was done with it I asked my nurse to please let me read a

book. She gave me a book about ST. NICHOLAS, and these are the books I liked best: "Crowded Out o' Crofeld," "Marjorie and her Papa," "Lady Jane," and "The Bunnies' Thanksgiving Dinner." I remain,

Your interested reader,

JENNIE SANOFSKY (age 11).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I won the gold badge, over a year ago, I have been trying for the cash prize, and now that I have won it I cannot tell you how delighted I am, and how much I thank you for it. It has been uphill work, for sometimes it seemed that I could not write upon the subject given, and sometimes I would become discouraged and would wonder if I ever did or would write anything worth printing. But when I have written, and it has been nearly every month,—I have been rewarded by having my name on the Honor Roll, and I want to thank you for the encouragement this has given me.

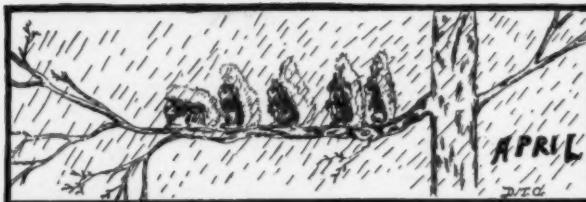
And so I thank you again, not so much for the prize as for the help I have received in writing each month ever since I began, and remain,

Your very sincere friend,
BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY.

THE following-named members would like to exchange postal cards:

Josephine Whitbeck, 2327 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.; Laura F. Lacey, 4005 Pine St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Edna E. Hughes, 4006 Pine St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; and Louise K. Paine, 3 Rutherford Place, New York City. Card of home cities will be sent in exchange for cards from other cities—domestic or foreign.

Other League letters and report of New Chapters will be found on page 57.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY DONALD THOMPSON CARLISLE, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1. Charles Evans Pope
Peggy Bacon
Susan Warren Wilbur
Penelope Summerwell
Nannie Clark Barr
Maria Elizabeth Mair
Dorothy Smith
Gwendolen Gray Perry
Marguerite Stuart
Bessie Ener
Sibyl K. Stone
Frances Lubbe Ross
Margaret Allen
Adeline L. Pepper
Alice Blaine Damrosch
Catharine H. Straker
Lois M. Cunningham
Charles Irish Preston
Mary Thorndike

VERSE 2. E. F. Whitcomb
Shirley Willis
Alida Palmer
Lester J. Reynolds
Ethel Louis King
Esther Ayres Lundy
Maria L. Llano
Ethel Dickinson
Eugene B. Baker
Freda M. Harrison
Anna H. Denniston
Kate Sprague DeWolf
Gladys Nelson
Helene Eaberg
Daisy Errington Bret-
tell
Alta Lockwood
Marie Heim
Robert R. Humphrey
Sophie Singer
Julia S. Egan
Mary M. Dahney
Sarah Davis
Eleanor R. Chapin
Margareta Dickson
Lucie D. Woodling
Wilbur H. Bates
Leland G. Hendricks
Henry S. Lamm
Helen Dorothy For-
man

Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Jane C. Watt
Margaret Lyon Smith
Lawrence Phelps
Alice Winifred Hind
Frances Berencse
Bronner
Margaret King
Georgiana Myers
Sturdee
Grace E. Stafford
Janet L. Shantz
Frieda Rabinowitz
Frances Hodges
Beatrice M. Porter
M. Louise Dixon

PROSE 1. Helen K. Potter
Rosalind Spring
Margaret L. Dowd
Cuthbert W. Haasius
Cornelia R. Hinkey
Florence Hanawalt
Maria Armstrong
Mary W. Woodman
Isabel Hinton
Phyllis M. Clarke
Cora Jean Daniels
Sara A. Parker
Charlotte B. Arnold
Margaret W. Twitchell

PROSE 2. Stella F. Boyden
Lois Lovejoy
Barbara O. Benjamin
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Katrina Van Dyck
Helen Gardner Water-
man
Katherine M. Sher-
wood
Alan D. Campbell, Jr.
Marie C. McKinley
Margery Gardner
Katherine Hunt
Marie L. Butler
Dana Munro
Elizabeth Hirsh
Millicent Pauline Clark
Jennie M. Burwell
Leila Nielsen
Margaret E. Moore-
house
Rachel M. Talbott
Merle D'Aubigné
Sampson
May Stanley Fleck
Katherine McKeag
Katherine C. Ward
Carol Sherman
Anne Russell Sampson
Volant Vashon Ballard
Mary Louise Smith
Mariana Lippincott
Ruth E. Shaw
Pauline Hamilton
Freeman
Alan Lincoln Langley
Mabel Robinson
Elizabeth Marvin
Lila P. Duy
Hattie E. Haggard
Ilse Marguerite Ney-
mann
Dorothy Grant
Helen P. Browning
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper

Katherine R. Neu-
mann
Rhoda Erskine
Grace E. Moore
Blanche Leeming
Mary G. Bonner
Herbert A. White
Edwin Jones
Lucinda Wentz Reed
Mary A. Dueil
Mildred D. Yenawine
Eleanor Eros
Ethel Berrian
Annette Windle
Inez Mason
Robert Paul Walsh
Robert E. Andrews
Frank A. J. O'Grady
Louis A. Murray
William Wehage
Harriette Pease
Dwight B. Pangburn
Martha R. Batchelder
Margaret E. Wright
Dorothy Cooke
Howard Griffin
William Bender
Victor Tapke
Louise Fitz
Mary S. Pusey
Theodora B. E. Mc-
Cormick
Hattie D. Hawley
Heather Baxter
Dorothy Q. Boggs
Gladys L. Carroll
Elizabeth Clark
Emmet Russell
Ruth M. Blake
Marjorie Cleveland
Barbara Alderton
Esther P. Watkins
Elaine Stern
Alice S. Mathewson
Potter Remington
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Lillian M. Hynes
Marjorie Beeke
Walter Dyer
Laurence B. Lathrop
Ruth C. Manchester
Carolyn Houston
Majority Grant
Mary H. Shier
Winifred W. Nicholson
Pauline M. Dakin
Miriam Frink
Dorothy E. Bates
Elizabeth Love God-
win
Jean L. Holcombe
Henrietta Hepburn
Magdelene Craft
Rose Marie Wise
Helen W. Edgar

DRAWINGS 1. Delphine L. Hammer
Rosy Newmeyer
Melville Coleman
Levey
Norman M. Rolston
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.
Mellin Siemers
Kathleen Buchanan
Jacky Hayne
R. Francis Doornink
Katharine Thompson
Marjorie Wellington
Margery Fulton
Theodor Bolton
Edward L. Kastler
Mark Curtis Kinney
May Frasher
Masie Smith
Richard A. Reddy
Jessie C. Shaw
Julie Pukpe

2.

Helen M. Copeland
Anne Furman Gold-
smith
Howard Melson
Lydie May Frink
Sidney Edward Dick-
inson
Mervin Joy
Harold W. Whitlock
J. Bertram Hills
Ella E. Preston
Mary Ellen Willard
Harriette Barney Burt

Eleanor Kinsey
Ruth E. Frost
H. J. Bresse
John Butler
Hugh Spencer
Roy Chapman
Gladys L'Estrange
Moore
Marguerite Strathy
Isidor Douglas
Cyrus W. Thomas
Harry M. Prince
Priscilla Ordway
Hazel I. Fraze
Monica Peirson

Turner
Charlotte Waugh
Saidee Bonnell
Marjory Anne Harr-
ison

Raymond Rohn
Mildred R. Beets
Mabel Bolton
Dorothy Curtis
Isabel Ransford
Evelyn Buchanan
Helen Beatrice M.
Merry

Janet L. Decker
Ruth N. Batey
Marguerite Jervis
Lauren Ford
Guile Garrard

E. Marguerite Rout-
ledge

Rosalind E. Weissbein
Clyde Morgan

Henry G. Martin
Frances Wetherly
Varrell

Katharine Duer
James Harrison

Margaret G. Rhett

Robert Stanley Treat

Margaret Trudell

Francis King Murray

Myron K. Barrett

Dorothy Cathell

Ethel Hartley

Mary Louise Smith

Dorothy Dawes

Charles Carr

Margery Smith

Gertrude Pomeroy

DRAWINGS 2. Nourse
Carrie May Jordan
Evelyn G. Hopper
Rebecca Wyse
Wallace G. Ford
Edward Estlin Cum-
mings

Charles M. Howe, Jr.
Sarah R. Tirrell
Gretchen Smith
Henry Vigor
Rudolph Krauss
Arthur C. Hoppin
Sarah Lippincott
Elinore Clark
Maria Baldwin
Elois R. Farnham
F. Mabel Halkett
Louise Converse
Lewis S. Combs
Julia Cooper
Elinore Keeler
Stanislaus F. McNeill

Helen I. Hoppin
Thomas Brown
Katherine Dulecabella
Barbour
Herman Louis
Schäffer
Mary Williams Bliss
Frances M. Lichten
Margaret A. Dobson

3.

Pier Colonna
Elizabeth Pierce
Alice Moore

Frances W. Huston
Miles W. Weeks
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Helen M. McCurdy
Arthur S. Trafford
Charles C. Marlor
Roland P. Carr
Lillian A. Hess
Gertrude M. Howland
Lawrence A. Morey
Esther M. Wing
Elizabeth W. Henry
Stephen W. Pratt
W. Caldwell Webb
Marian F. Butler

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Emma Heinsheimer
Katharine L. Marvin
Mildred R. Beets
Amy Elio Mayo
George Kaulbach
Mary E. Glesner
Frederick B. Smith
Fred Klein
Clifford H. Pangburn
Harry Poll
Catherine Delano
Alice Durand
Frieda H. Tellkamp
Florence Isabel Miller
Abe Weintraub
William Munford
Baker
Amy Peabody
Arthur J. White
Gertrude E. Burwell
Zayda R. Williams
Denson W. Grant
Hilliard Comstock
Leon S. Farnham
Irene G. Farnham
Mollie Bullock
David Mazzero
Alice Humphrey
Esther Browne
Sybil D. Emerson
Rachel F. Burbank
Bryden Pease
Elsie Williamson
Francis Moore
Frances Powell
Elizabeth Totten
Charlotte St. George
Nourse
Carrie May Jordan
Evelyn G. Hopper
Rebecca Wyse
Wallace G. Ford
Edward Estlin Cum-
mings

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Gretchen Smith
Henry Vigor
Rudolph Krauss
Arthur C. Hoppin
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Elinore Clark
Maria Baldwin
Elois R. Farnham
F. Mabel Halkett
Louise Converse
Lewis S. Combs
Julia Cooper
Elinore Keeler
Stanislaus F. McNeill

Helen I. Hoppin
Thomas Brown
Katherine Dulecabella
Barbour
Herman Louis
Schäffer
Mary Williams Bliss
Frances M. Lichten
Margaret A. Dobson

4.

Puzzles 1. Nahum Morris, Jr.
Leonard L. Barrett
Walter L. Dreyfuss
Alice Knowles
E. Adeleade Hahn
Helen Carter
Maria Baldwin
Alfred A. Haldenstein
E. Page Allinson
Mary E. Dunbar
Margaret McKnight
Ashley W. Kendrick
Robert Clifton
Dorothy Robinson
John Orth
Elizabeth Channing
Donald Gordon Reid
Estelle Ellison
Harold Brown
Simon Cohen
Florence C. Jones
Burt H. Smith
May Kennedy
Katharine Oliver
Alice D. Karr
Edna F. Browning
Elizabeth C. Hurd
Clara Beth Haven
Roger N. Griffin
Andrée Mante

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Pier Colonna
Elizabeth Pierce
Alice Moore

MARKSVILLE, LA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from a long ride for sugar-cane. I am very glad school has begun. I am in the sixth grade. There are lots of Indian arrow-heads around here. To-day my great-uncle gave me a very curious rock. There was a pink stripe through the middle, and it was entirely different from the gray part.

The other day I found in one of mama's old St. NICHOLAS magazines a letter that mama had written when she was as old as I am. She was Dimple Kerman before she married. I guess you remember her.

The little gray cat I spoke of in my last letter is dead now.

Some of the League members that live up north must think it funny that we have a holiday and no school when it snows here in Louisiana, but as it only snows here once a year, very slightly, and sometimes not at all, the teachers let us have a holiday.

That picture of a little boy and his St. NICHOLAS magazines around him is certainly true. It has been that way with me, too.

I certainly liked "Elinor Arden."

Your devoted reader,

ELMA JOFFRION (age 10).

OBERLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I can't begin to tell you what fun Chapter 788 has.

Our president, Sarah Jones, reads to us often, and so does Frances Jeffery, our secretary, and sometimes they let me read aloud, also. We meet on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Sometimes Sarah lets us play games, and then we have most fun. The boys are always glad when we play, for it is always hard for them to keep still while we are reading.

Tuesdays we have only one-hour meetings, from six o'clock to seven in the evening, because we have to study after seven.

On Fridays we have two hours, as there is no school on Saturday and we don't have to prepare lessons. I don't always come on Tuesdays, because I belong to a mission-study class which is held at the same hour, so I miss the reading, but I love to hear about missions, as I come from one.

I wish there would be some headings that I could write an African story about for the League. I can tell two or three true stories about leopards, lions, and antelopes, but they won't come under any of the given heads.

Of all our number, only four of us are high-school pupils. They are Sarah Jones, Frances Jeffery, George Hubbard, and myself. We all like the school very much, and school life will help with some stories. I am a sophomore in all but algebra, in which I am a freshman, and the three others are freshmen. All the people in our chapter are under sixteen, so we are all quite young, and young enough to like some real fun.

Wishing long life to the St. Nicholas League, I remain,

Your friend,

LAURA F. BATES.

Other valued letters have been received from Joseph L. Lustberg, Florence E. Vialle, Katharine M. Sherwood, Sidney Gamble, Beatrice Frye, Jeanette Munro, Estelle Ellison, Ruth P. Getchell, Lewis S. Combs, Ella E. Preston, Marguerite Hyde, Dorothy Grant West, Katharine King, Dorothy R. Halkett, Dorothy Cooke, Dorothy Bedell, Lorenzo Hamilton, Katharine Scheffel, Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke, Shirley Willis, Nettie C. Barnwell, Louisa F. Spear, Dorothea da Ponte Williams, Frances C. Harris, Roland P. Carr, Arthur Jennings White, Elinor Colby, Katherine Staff, and Arthur K. Serungard.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 783. "Sunshine Club." C. Lieder, President; Edna Edel, Secretary. Address, 1013 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 784. "Entre Nous." Bradwell Beebe, President; Josephine Potter, Secretary; thirty members. Address, a Centre Court, Green Island, N. Y.

No. 785. "Jolly Quartet." Marie R. Capland, President; Grace L. Barber, Secretary; four members. Address, 37 Stimson Pl., Detroit, Mich.

No. 786. Austin O'Connor, President; Frank McCaffery, Secretary; seven members. Address, 103 Bloor St., Ottawa, Can.

No. 787. "D. A. R. T. Sewing Circle." Doris Smith, President; four members. Address, 80 Turner St., Hough Neck, Quincy, Mass.

No. 788. "Tank Chapter." Sarah Jones, President; Frances Jeffery, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Tank Home, Oberlin, Ohio.

No. 789. "St. Nicholas Society." Delia Field, President; Margarette Snow, Secretary; fifty-three members. Address, 11 Johnson St., Waterbury, Conn.

No. 790. "K. K." Hala Garver, President; Ruth Maurer, Secretary; four members. Address, Greenville, Ohio.

No. 791. "Revolutionary Chapter." Ruth A. Russell, President; Daisy L. Starr, Secretary; nine members. Address, 145 W. Ninety-seventh St., New York City.

No. 792. "Merry Trio." Flor-

ence Brooks, President; Edna Hires, Secretary; four members. Address, P. O. Box 67, Palmyra, N. J.

No. 793. "Evergreen Chapter." Katharine McMahon, President; Frances Dodge, Secretary; three members. Address, 621 N. Maine St., Bloomington, Ill.

No. 794. Wayne Trembach, President; Helen Walp, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, 368 N. Maple St., Kingston, Pa.

No. 795. Matilde W. Kroehle, President; John C. B. Orth, Secretary; four members. Address, 129 E. Ninety-first St., New York City.

No. 796. "Jolly Five." Pauline Freeman, President; Helen Nye, Secretary; five members. Address, Hallowell, Me.

No. 797. "The Dufee Chapter." Carlyle Jones, President; Frieda Blankenburg, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Decatur, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 67.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 67 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Brook."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, an original adventure story.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Animal Friend" or "Friends."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Study of the Hand" (from life) and a Heading or Tail-piece for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of St. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"A TAILPIECE FOR APRIL (ANIMAL LIFE)." BY WALTER BURTON NOURSE, AGE 11.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE OLD HORN-BOOK. BEFORE the invention of primers for children just beginning their school-days, each little pupil had a "horn-book"—a printed sheet of paper fastened to a square piece of wood with a handle, not unlike a battledore or ping-pong racket, and covered with a sheet of horn so that studious little fingers would not soil nor scratch the printing. This horn-book contained the alphabet, in large and small letters, a list of vowels and two-letter syllables, and the Lord's Prayer. These little books naturally were worn out and used up, and so have become very rare. As much as one hundred dollars has been paid for one in good condition. Shakspere mentions horn-books several times. The English poet Prior speaks of another sort of horn-book in his amusing lines:

"To Master John the English Maid
A Horn-Book gives of Ginger-bread;
And that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name he eats the Letter."

READING A KEY TO OTHER THINGS. THE boy or girl who is well read will find on visiting an art gallery or museum a delightful sense of being among things that are familiar; for, in reading, your past acquirements make it even easier to increase your store of mental wealth. Reading has not only a delightful world of its own, but also gives the right of entry into the joys of art, of music, of science, and introduces you to the memorable figures of the past—the kings and queens, the poets and painters, the heroes and the martyrs. It is the habit of reading that will make all these familiar to us.

CONDENSED EXPERIENCE. IF a traveler about to make a tour in the old world had to find out for himself all about roads, rates, lodging-houses, and so on, he would find the making ready for a journey a task that must be begun many months ahead. If he had to find also the places where all the great pictures, statues, or curiosities were to be seen, he would be likely to miss many, and

those he was lucky enough to visit would be hit upon by accident.

That is the use of guide-books. They do much of the work for the traveler—helping him to right routes, and telling where he will find the sights best worth his time.

Books about life, properly used, help us in the same way to make life profitable and delightful. They tell us what others have done, and how different ways of living turned out. If this is clearly seen, you will learn that reading may be the best preparation for an active, useful life.

Great soldiers must be practical men, and yet the most famous commanders have been careful students of the books written by great generals of former times, and have learned from former battles how to win their own.

BOOKS OF ESSAYS. How many young readers are aware that there are few kinds of reading that will furnish so much genuine and helpful pleasure as essays? We should be glad if this item could be the means of sending even one girl or boy to those delightful volumes of Lowell's—"Among My Books" and "My Study Windows"—or to Macaulay's fascinating volumes, or to—a dozen others.

WHAT EVERYBODY IS READING. THERE is in the collected works of Edgar Allan Poe a number of sketches of the American writers of his time, especially those who were most popular. Young readers who think they must be acquainted with the books that are "being read by everybody," may, if they like, learn a useful lesson by glancing over Poe's essays on "The Literati," in order to see how many of the popular writers of that time are thought worth reading to-day. Better yet, take from the library some of the writings that "everybody read" about seventy-five years ago, and see whether they appeal to you.

Possibly the experiment will teach you that time is best spent upon books that have lived through several generations.

THE EARLIEST IMPRESSIONS. If your little brother or sister comes to you asking questions, take the utmost pains to give the right answers. Little children learn fast and much, and it is at the very first we must be careful to put right ideas into their minds. Have we not all carried early errors through many years uncorrected? The reading, too, of the youngest can hardly be too carefully chosen. As we grow older we can correct errors for ourselves; but small readers take all statements on faith, and only the truth itself is good enough for a child.

"THE CHOICE OF BOOKS." We address ourselves to some of our older readers when we recommend to their reading Frederic Harrison's essay that gives title to this item. But the article is easy to understand, and it is so full of good hints and bits of advice that even the reader who may find some parts of it above his head will be glad to read those parts he can understand. It is a plea for the best reading. If for nothing else, the essay should be read for its glowing praise of Sir Walter Scott—"who," as some one has said, "has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakspere has done for the manifold types of human character."

ADVICE TO A SCHOOL-BOY. WILLIAM HAZLITT, the celebrated essayist and critic, wrote a letter to his son (of the same name) when sending him to school. It contains excellent advice, is written in simple and direct style, and will be found well worth your reading, though decidedly old-fashioned—a quality that makes it the more delightful. Hazlitt warns his son against being too fond of books, saying they "are but one inlet of knowledge; and the pores of the mind, like those of the body, should be left open to all impressions"—wherein the worthy father shows considerable ignorance of physiology. And, by the way, Hazlitt's essays touch upon every sort of subject, and all are charmingly written, so you might make a note of this when you wish for a book that is not a story.

STUDYING ABOUT A STORY. In modern school-work it has been decided by some educators that the best way to make geography clearly understood is to begin with

what is nearest and proceed outward to the whole globe. Thus, the first map drawn is one of the school-room or the school-yard; the second, part of the pupil's own home town, and so on; leaving Siberia or Patagonia to a later day.

In your reading, a plan like this would seem advisable. Begin by learning all about some book that comes very near to your daily life or suits your taste. If, for instance, you are fond of "Lorna Doone," make yourself at home in the English scene of the story; learn about "the Doones"—who are real and historic; read books that will acquaint you with the life and history of the period of the story until you know it thoroughly. Such an exercise as this will be found not only delightful work, but most improving to the mind as well.

A WISE CORRESPONDENT. IN reply to our question as to the wisdom of finishing or abandoning a book once begun, a young friend, Jean Russell, makes the following sensible reply:

I think that if the book in question is one by a standard author,—good literature, in other words,—that, once begun, it is best to finish it, because, however uninteresting a book of good repute may seem, I think that there is always something of benefit to be found in it, even if you don't find it until after you have finished reading the book. And, by the way, I don't like to hear people say they have finished a book; it sounds to me as though they read something and then never thought of it again.

CALVERLEY'S EXAMINATION ON VERLEY. CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY'S *EXAMINATION ON VERLEY*, an English poet "PICKWICK."

celebrated for his delicate humor, while still an undergraduate at Cambridge in 1857, held an examination on Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," giving thirty questions based on the book, and imitating the college method of holding such tests of knowledge. The questions and answers are published in "Verses and Fly-Leaves," the book in which Calverley's poems are collected. Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist, was one of those who took the examination, and he won the prize, whatever that was. Upon reading over the questions, one realizes how many little things are passed over without clearly understanding what they mean, while we seek only the story. And this is right. Thorough, scholarly reading is for books of the highest class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The last time I was in New York City, I visited the famous Jumel Mansion, an old colonial house which is situated on Washington Heights, in the upper part of the city.

In the times of the Revolutionary War many famous men met there, and later Aaron Burr, who killed



THE JUMEL MANSION.

Alexander Hamilton in a famous duel, lived there with his wife, who was formerly Madame Jumel.

In the rear of the house is a large ball-room, which can be seen in the accompanying photograph.

During the last few years the mansion has been owned by New York City, and the control of it is claimed by both the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is open to visitors, and is beautifully situated on the top of a hill. On the sloping grounds are many large trees and several old cannons.

Hoping you can use this letter, I remain,

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE R. T. SMITH.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading so many letters from boys and girls from all parts of the world, I thought I would write one.

I am fifteen years old, and live right in front of the Capitol building, which is very beautiful. This is a very nice town.

I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I have written for a League badge. I enjoy drawing very much. We have quite a few pets. One is a Chinese cat.

His mother is a trained cat from China. We call him "Zoo," because he was born in the zoological garden in New York. He has only three toes in front, instead of four. We have a pretty water-spaniel, and quite a number of horses. I have nine Belgium hares, and I am going to get some pigeons to raise.

I like the Letter-box ever so much.

I could go on writing forever, but as I should like to see this printed, your pages would not be long enough to permit it, should I do so. I remain,

A devoted reader,
ETHEL BILLINGS.

NAVY-YARD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little navy girl. My father, Naval Constructor William J. Baxter, launched the *Connecticut*. My name is Heather. I and my sister Margaret live in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. We have traveled a great deal, and so papa has taken me on board a great many ships.

We have great fun here in the navy-yard. Two boys and I built a fine harbor. We make all kinds of ships and sail them there.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have taken it for four years.

Your interested reader,
HEATHER P. BAXTER (age 11).

MADISON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years, this being the sixth.

I wish I knew of a League chapter here. If I did, I would surely join the League.

I am very much interested in nature, and this summer, when I was over in Michigan, I kept a seventy-five cent magnifying-glass with me all the time.

Longfellow wrote a poem about the four lakes of Madison. They do not all belong to this town, for Lake Kegansa and Lake Naubesa are quite far away.

Your appreciative reader,
CATHARINE E. JACKSON (age 13).

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy seven years old, and I live up by Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is in eruption, and we are not afraid, because there is an observatory that has electrical instruments which go in the ground, and so we know three days before if there is any danger. We watch the lava rolling down the mountain and the flames as they go up in the air. It looks as if the mountain was breathing. This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

Your friend,
CHARLES INGALLS MORTON.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received also from Margaret Murrish, Helen De Puy, Evelyn Dunham, Marguerite Magruder, Clarence Sears Kates, Jr., Ellie Wood Page, Enera Voorhees, Catharine Lynch, Matie Lee Barclay, Janet Lane, and Janet Erskine Adriance.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORDS. Spenser. 1. Shad. 2. Pare. 3. Each. 4. Note. 5. Sits. 6. Ever. 7. Rope. **TRANPOSITIONS.** St. Nicholas. 1. Basket, skate. 2. Tablet, table. 3. Snails, nails. 4. Magpie, image. 5. Sketch, chest. 6. Thrash, harsh. 7. Totter, otter. 8. Eleven, levee. 9. Mascot, atoms. 10. Master, smart.

BEHEADING AND ZIGZAG. Washington. 1. S-wish. 2. S-harp. 3. C-use. 4. M-arch. 5. S-nail. 6. C-anon. 7. A-gain. 8. A-stir. 9. S-coop. 10. S-wain.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initiates, Longfellow; fourth row, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. Linen. 2. Olive. 3. Nomad. 4. Grand. 5. Forge. 6. Eager. 7. Lisle. 8. Latin. 9. Opine. 10. Water.

CHARADE. In-grate.

DIFFER PUZZLE. From 1 to 7, Emerson. Goethe, Racine, Al-

dine, novice, thrive; Grant, Hallam, emblem, inform, Neheim, esteem; Heine. Docile, Undine, repose, Elaine, Revere; Dürer. Hamper, author, yonder, Denver, Napier; Haydn. Holmes, Osiris, Morris, excess; Rubens; Homer. Embryo, legato, indigo, Orsino, Thuro; Eliot. Darwin, Edison, Fulton, obtain, enjoin, Defoe.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Hannibal; 3 to 4, Sheridan. Cross-words: 1. Hamilton. 2. Habitual. 3. Consider. 4. Cavalry. 5. Garrison. 6. Credible. 7. Physical. 8. Spiteful.

ANAGRAMS. Slate, teals, steal, least, tales, stale.

DIAMONDS AND A SQUARE. I. 1. T. 2. Mow. 3. Total. 4. Was. 5. L. II. 1. M. 2. Pan. 3. Mason. 4. Nod. 5. N. III. 1. Satan. 2. Aside. 3. Tides. 4. Adept. 5. Nests. IV. 1. M. 2. Sen. 3. Merit. 4. Nip. 5. T. V. 1. R. 2. Sod. 3. Robin. 4. Dig. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Marjorie Barton Townsend—Eugenie A. Steiner—William B. Hart—Frances Hunter—Alil and Adi—John Farr Simons—Adeline Wiss—Hilda R. Bronson—Nessie and Freddie—Grace Haren—Paul R. Deschere—Samuel P. Haldenstein—Eleanor Copenhaver—Emma D. Miller—St. Gabriel's Chapter—“Chuck”—Dorothy Rutherford—Jessie Strauss—Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Herbert Vernon, 2—Kathryn Arthur, 2—M. Cragin, 4—W. G. Rice, Jr., 4—Arthur B. Martin, 3—Lucy Goyle, 2—Edward Eastman, 8—C. Anthony, 6—Barbara Littlefield, 2—Jo and I, 8—Garrett E. Nash, 3—Frederick B. Dart, 5—Elizabeth Mors, 3—Mary E. Askew, 8—Harriet Bingaman, 8—Hermione Sterling, 8—Mabel T. Watson, 6—André Mante, 3—Sidney K. Eastwood, 3—No name, Oshkosh, 2. So many sent answers to one puzzle only (and that the “King’s Move”) that these cannot be acknowledged.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

IN the calendar my *first* you will find;
My *second* is a song of some kind;
And my *whole* is a land
On the far southern strand.

ELISABETH HEMENWAY (age 10).

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	3	7	5
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
4	2	6	8
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
13	10	9	16
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
•	•	•	•
11	12	15	14

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE (reading across only): 1. A town in Pepin County, Wisconsin. 2. A city on the Meuse River. 3. Some islands north of Scotland. 4. A seaport of France. 5. A city in the Philippines. 6. A province of northwest British India. From 1 to 2, a county of Illinois; from 3 to 4, a town in Harrison County, Iowa.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large city of Germany. 2. A town of Bohemia. 3. A county of Kentucky. 4. A great city of Russia. 5. A river of Palestine. 6. A country of northern Europe. From 7 to 8, a bay indenting the coast of France; from 5 to 6, a city of New Zealand.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A range of mountains in Bulgaria. 2. A region of Central Africa. 3. A county of Georgia. 4. A county of Arkansas. 5. A sea near China. 6. A range of mountains in Queensland. From 2 to 9, “The Hub”; from 6 to 10, a beautiful Italian city.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A city on the Loire. 2. A large Siberian lake. 3. A town of Palestine. 4. A city of Spain. 5. A little river near Wakefield, Mass. 6. A river and county of California. From 11 to 10, a maritime city of British India; from 12 to 13, the official name for Port Natal, Africa.

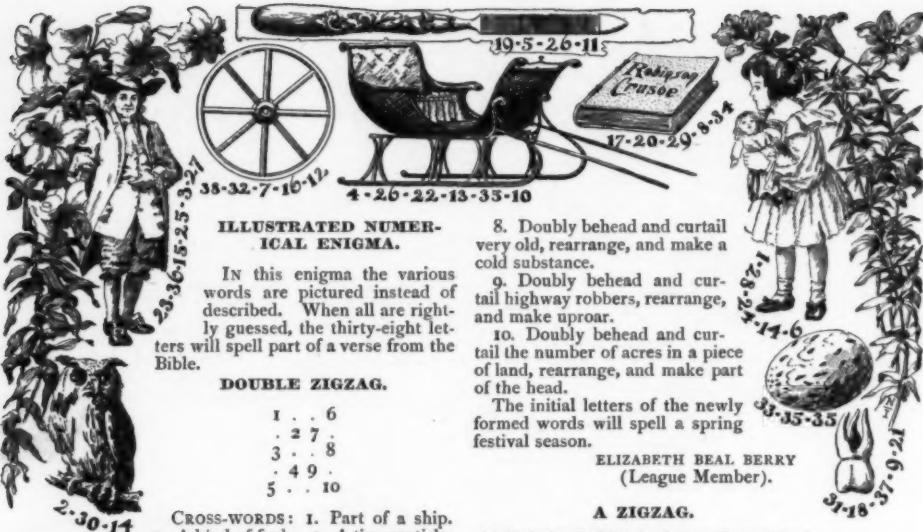
V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The principal island of Japan. 2. A county of Kentucky. 3. A fertile Dutch province of Java, near its center. 4. A town of Prussia near Liegnitz. 5. The country ruled by a shah. 6. A lake of western Ireland. From 14 to 9, a city on the Rhine, the subject of a famous poem; from 15 to 16, a large island in the Indian Ocean.

BENJAMIN L. MILLER.

MULTIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in amphichroic, but not in suggest;
My *seconds*, in oratorical, but not in bequest;
My *thirds* are in omnipotence, but not in alight;
My *fourths* are in kaleidoscope, but not in bright;
My *fifths* are in casserole, but not in dish;
My *sixths* are in dynamometry, but not in fish.
My *wholes* are three famous Romans and three wild animals.

MADGE OAKLEY (Honor Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

IN this enigma the various words are pictured instead of described. When all are rightly guessed, the thirty-eight letters will spell part of a verse from the Bible.

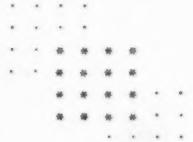
DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	.	6
2	7	.
3	.	8
4	9	.
5	.	10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a ship. 2. A kind of fuel. 3. A tiny particle. 4. To move. 5. A popular fountain in warm weather. From 1 to 5, a famous poet; from 6 to 10, one of his poems.

"FOUR PUZZLERS."

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To thrash. 2. Every one of a number considered separately. 3. A pain. 4. At that time. **II. MIDDLE SQUARE:** 1. In this place. 2. An old form of the word "enough." 3. A large cord. 4. A wide-mouthed jug.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A loud sound. 2. Therefore. 3. Old. 4. A metallic vein. J. O.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail signs, rearrange the remaining letters, and make a horse. Answer: Si-gna-Is, nag.

1. Doubly behead and curtail a running stream, rearrange, and make to mistake.
2. Doubly behead and curtail guiding, rearrange, and make to help.
3. Doubly behead and curtail in place of, rearrange, and make to fix firmly.
4. Doubly behead and curtail sure, rearrange, and make a sailor.
5. Doubly behead and curtail gloominess, rearrange, and make termination.
6. Doubly behead and curtail sweetened, rearrange, and make a shred.
7. Doubly behead and curtail to hold, rearrange, and make a color.

8. Doubly behead and curtail very old, rearrange, and make a cold substance.

9. Doubly behead and curtail highway robbers, rearrange, and make uproar.

10. Doubly behead and curtail the number of acres in a piece of land, rearrange, and make part of the head.

The initial letters of the newly formed words will spell a spring festival season.

ELIZABETH BEAL BERRY
(League Member).

A ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH word described contains eight letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter, and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the name of an English navigator who died in 1594.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Slight dampness. 2. A fabulous serpent whose look was fatal. 3. The end of a railroad. 4. Delightful beyond measure. 5. To excuse. 6. Famous. 7. To manacle. 8. One who gathers news for the papers. 9. A Spanish gold coin worth more than fifteen dollars. 10. Worthy of blame. 11. The subject of a beautiful poem by Dr. Holmes. 12. Abandoned. 13. Innate. 14. A cooling summer beverage. 15. Wandering.

HARRY W. HAZARD, JR.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A great city. 2. A sign. 3. Alert. 4. At the back of. 5. Noises. 6. Pertaining to milk. 7. A talking bird. 8. Pertaining to the evening. 9. A Chinese boat used as a home. 10. A transgressor. 11. A valuable metal. 12. Small, light boots. 13. Containing salt. 14. To lament. 15. A symbol. 16. Ecclesiastical councils.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a well-known book by a famous English author.

PHILIP W. MILLER.

